

ALTERNATIVE 3

EDITED AND WITH A NEW FOREWORD BY ANONYMOUS



FOREWORD

LIKE Milton William Cooper's *Behold a Pale Horse*, Leslie Watkins'¹ *Alternative 3*, inspired by the Anglia Television hoax of the same name, is a repository for memetic cues designed to disinform and confuse. Like Cooper's cult-classic, Watkins' novella is printed and reprinted without editing. All typos and factual inaccuracies are preserved. It is not meant to emulate a work of serious scholarship and it would be difficult to argue that it aims to entertain, as it fails spectacularly as an engaging work of fiction. Nevertheless, it found publishers, first with Sphere Books (1978)² and subsequently with Avon Publishers

¹ 'Leslie Watkins' is a pseudonym employed by British novelist and screenwriter David Ambrose.

² Sphere Books was sold to Pearson PLC in 1985. The current Sphere is an imprint of Little, Brown.

(1979) in the United States, now an imprint of HarperCollins. Miracles *do* happen, or concerted disinformation campaigns are sanctioned regularly by establishment stalwarts.

Grave structural flaws aside, *Alternative 3* is not entirely without merits. Firstly, it employs intuition in the service of inquiry, and so is of immediate appeal to the gullible, which is not to condemn the gullible in the form of a would-be reader. The gullible are typically neither jaded nor militantly skeptical; they are receptive to that which is at once incredible and improbable, both conditions which do not necessarily make a piece of data or a collection of data-pieces untrue. Nevertheless, there is much contained within this so-called work of “fiction based on fact” that is flagrantly untrue, unnecessarily defamatory and reliably misleading (that many dates attributed by Watkins to events-of-note are shifted backward or forward by a handful of years is confounding). Furthermore, Watkins’ “facts” possess a peculiar speculative quality unique to disinformation projects; that data which can be verified is sandwiched between and undermined by episodes that are contrived and information that is artlessly fabricated. Secondly, it is not entirely implausible that Watkins’, like popular disinformers by whom he was succeeded, stumbled upon, inadvertently or surreptitiously, information that possessed real-world gravity, in which case, no amount of bad writing is entirely in vain. So the reader is presented with a question: *away from WHAT is he being misdirected?* And if misdirection is employed purposefully, are there not clues with which salient information may be filtered from erroneous information? The answer is an unqualified ‘yes.’

A little due-diligence enables one to systematically strip from the text most information that is blatantly fanciful and without substance, with one caveat: it is the

nature of misdirection to steer one away from information on which one's attention might better be trained. The reader is forced to exercise his own judgment in such a situation; to ask questions of a text—to shake the tree...all in an effort to determine not the veracity of the text-as-edifice, but as an amalgam of distinct component parts, each to be analyzed individually. It is important to emphasize that the author stresses that he “is not in the business of speculation,” which doesn't rule out his function as an amateur agency of speculation. One does not have to be in “the business” to mount a successful disinformation/misdirection campaign; it is an art that by its nature lends itself to the innately curious and appeals to that same sense in the reader, hence the aura that surrounds *Alternative 3*—the book and the Anglia Television investigative report from which it was adapted.

Speculation thrives on a substrate furnished by the imagination...

...and it is the nature of speculation to anticipate; to make assumptions based solely upon intuition. It is also the nature of speculation to issue suppositions and to pass into realms from which travelers under the yoke of facts are barred. Knowledge does not always treat supposition kindly, but there are instances when so uncannily pointed is an assumption leveled by speculation that knowledge is surrendered by force majeure. It is this editor's belief that Watkins was employed in an effort to at once simulate the appearance of a classic disinformant while affecting naïveté in the service of misdirection. In the process, the hand of the knowledge-keeper may have been overplayed and speculation-as-exercise may have been revealed as speculation-as-device, which is to concede that Watkins did not reveal a tightly-orchestrated conspiracy

explicitly, but revealed what amounts to the shadow cast by a conspiracy that can only be delineated by the practice of controlled-omission.

Watkins' *Alternative 3* is a bona-fide diversion, as is the original Anglia Television hoax. Its aims are suspect as it has been permitted a life that better books have been denied; it has assumed an undeserved aura, especially as so many calculated deceptions lurk in the details. So how is one to read *Alternative 3*? *Carefully!* The heavy employment of misinformation should be dealt with expeditiously. Herein you will find a unique edition of *Alternative 3* that has been edited of *overt* misinformation, while a large percentage of disinformation has been preserved, albeit in a form that aims to reconstitute the little truths that had previously been undermined by contrivance.

We cannot ascertain that the Moon or Mars have been covertly colonized by human assets; there is too little data in the public domain with which to substantiate such an assumption, but that does not make it untrue. On another level, we *can* ascertain that fear and distrust may be sewn into a population efficiently, cheaply and in a sustained way with constructed threats (global warming, the hole in the ozone layer, acid rain, the zebra mussel, etc.) which in and of themselves possess no substance beyond that afforded by faith. A threat must be nebulous, extant and it must always loom on the horizon and in Leslie Watkins' *Alternative 3*, it does. Threats thrive on a substrate furnished by the imagination, and like speculation, many modern-day threats require a stay-of-logic. Moreover, critical-thinking must be suspended, if only temporarily, but herein lies the danger: if data is not considered, always, in a critical light, knowledge undergoes degradation as by slow erosion and history grows increasingly malleable...

And by history, I imply the sum-total of knowledge on which informed decisions, opinions and policy-making depend. The recreational distortion of facts should be taken into account when considering information and should likewise be taken into account when reading this book. Watkins refers to not a few compromises on which the publication of *Alternative 3* depended. If the truth was Watkins' objective, as opposed to obfuscation or mere entertainment, he might have self-published, but that he honored these so-called compromises suggests that *Alternative 3* is but one more scantily-clad exercise in disinformation, or perhaps was written with no little contempt for the would-be reader's gullibility.

This still does not answer the most glaring question of all: Why was *Alternative 3* written? Why does it remain a staple text among conspiracy buffs? Why, when it seems to revel in the disembowelment of the English language, does it have "staying-power?" This humble editor concedes that *Alternative 3* survives chiefly as it cursorily addresses the overarching mystery in which we all participate: SPACE. An exclusive club has reserved the right to hold dominion over that mystery which belongs to all men and beasts—*equally*. Watkins implies a conspiracy to misdirect the human population away from the spectacular prospect of space exploration which is his natural inheritance. *Alternative 3* may have contempt for its readers, but it also has contempt (maybe mock-contempt) for officialdom and therein lays its saving-grace. Nevertheless, I venture that *Alternative 3* was a haphazardly-contrived and opportunistic disinformation exercise with one primary objective: misdirection.

Only those perceived threats over which the individual has no control are able to short-circuit man's ability to think critically. Consequently, Watkins employed the time-tested threat of environmental

catastrophe. The threat of environmental catastrophe reliably galvanizes the public and appeals to its sense of institutionalized boredom and repressed desire for sudden and violent change. This alone softens man to the concessions he regularly makes to an elite that would have the public believe that it had its welfare at heart. No elite should have exclusive dominion over the mysteries from which all creatures are descended, but Watkins would have you accept after an oblique fashion the notion that the species does, indeed, require husbandry from on-high. In effect, *Alternative 3* induces cognitive dissonance: it would have the reader at once decry the establishment and embrace those movements from which the establishment derives its power...

There is nothing admirable about “state-secrets.” They are kept in an effort to conceal professional failures and more often in an effort to armor the impotent. Witting or not, disinformers are the tools of those that would keep and reinforce secrets; that would divide by virtue of confusion. Leslie Watkins is one such tool.

—ANONYMOUS, 29.7° N 4.0° W, 2010

SECTION ONE: PREAMBLE

“It is intriguing to note the subsequently altered characters of former Moon-walkers occupationally exposed to some of the surprises presented by Alternative 3. A number, undermined by the strain of such a secret, suffered nervous breakdowns. A high percentage sought sanctuary in alcoholism and in extra-marital affairs. These were ‘chosen men;’ their training and experience, intelligence and physical fitness, all were prime considerations in their selection, but the supremely important quality was their equanimity. Only something unprecedented could so alter the natural dispositions of these men. That something was Alternative 3.”

—LESLIE WATKINS

No newspaper has secured the truth behind the initiative known as Alternative 3. Investigations by journalists have been blocked. America, Russia, Britain and Japan obsessively guard their shared secret and this obsession, as we will illustrate, has made them partners in murder.

However, despite this state-level secrecy, fragments of information have been made public; fragments released inadvertently or surreptitiously—sometimes by experts who do not appreciate their significance and sometimes by witting disinformants—and these fragments, when assembled, form a pattern; a pattern which emphasizes the enormity of the conspiracy in question. On MAY 3, 1977, *The Daily Mirror* published the following:

President Jimmy Carter has joined the ranks of UFO spotters. He sent in two written reports stating he had seen a flying saucer when he was the Governor of Georgia. The President has shrugged off the incident since then, perhaps fearing that electors might be wary of a flying saucer freak. But he was reported as saying after the sighting: "I don't laugh at people anymore when they say they've seen UFOs because I've seen one myself." Carter described his UFO like this: "Luminous, not solid, at first bluish, then reddish; it seemed to move towards us from a distance, stopped, and then moved partially away."

Carter filed two reports on the sighting in 1973: one to the International UFO Bureau (2932 NW 36th Street, Oklahoma City, OK 73112) and the other to the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena. Hayden Hewes, who directs the International UFO Bureau from his home in Oklahoma City, has praised the President's "open-mindedness." But during his presidential campaign last year, Carter was cautious. He admitted he had seen a light in the sky but declined

to call it a UFO. He joked: “I think it was a light beckoning me to run in the California primary election.”

Why this change in Carter’s attitude? Had he been briefed on Alternative 3? A 1966 Gallup Poll showed that five million Americans—including several highly-experienced airline pilots—claimed to have seen flying saucers. Air National Guard pilot Thomas Mantell had already died while chasing one over Kentucky on JANUARY 7, 1948—his P-51 Mustang disintegrated in the wash of his quarry’s engines. On AUGUST 31, 1966, Colonel Ivan C. Atkinson, Deputy Executive Director of the Air Force Office of Scientific Research, commissioned Dr. Edward U. Condon, Professor of Physics and Fellow of the Joint Institute for Laboratory Astrophysics, to head an investigation team at Colorado University. Condon’s budget was \$500,000. Shortly before his report appeared in 1968, this story appeared in the London Evening Standard:

The Condon study is making headlines—but for the wrong reasons. It is losing some of its outstanding members under circumstances which are mysterious. Rumors are circulating. At least four key people have vanished from the Condon team without offering a satisfactory reason for their departure.

The complete story behind the events in Colorado is hard to decipher, but a clue may be found in recent statements by Dr. James E. McDonald, senior physicist at the Institute of Atmospheric Physics at the University of Arizona. In a telephone conversation this week, Dr. McDonald told this author that he is “most distressed.”

Condon’s 1,485-page report denied the existence of flying saucers and a panel of the American National Academy of Sciences endorsed the conclusion that “further extensive study cannot be justified.” Curiously, Condon’s joint principal investigator, Dr. Stuart Cook, Professor and Chairman of the Department of

Psychology, had not contributed a word to that report. And on JANUARY 11, 1969, The Daily Telegraph quoted Dr. Cook: "It is inconceivable that it can be anything but a cold stew. No matter how long it is, what it includes, how it is said, or what it recommends, it will lack the essential element of credibility." Already there were wide-spread suspicions that the Condon investigation had been part of an official cover-up; that the government knew the truth but was determined to keep it from the public. We now know that those suspicions were accurate, and that the secrecy involved Alternative 3. A few months after Dr. Cook made his "cold stew" statement, a journalist with the Columbus, Ohio Dispatch embarrassed NASA by photographing a strange craft at the White Sands Missile Range in New Mexico.

No one at NASA would talk about the mysterious circular craft, 15-feet in diameter, discovered in the "missile graveyard," a section of the range where experimental vehicles were left to rot. But the Martin Marietta Company of Denver, where it was allegedly built, acknowledged designing several models, some with ten and twelve engines. According to gravimetry expert Dr. Garry C. Henderson³ of the Applied Research Group, General Dynamics, "all of our astronauts have seen these objects and all of our astronauts have been ordered to remain tight-lipped."

Maurice Chatelain⁴ has stated that NASA "killed" significant segments of conversation between Mission

³ Garry C. Henderson was born in Brownwood, Texas, on October 23, 1935. He received the B.S. degree in mathematics from Sul Ross State College, Alpine, Texas in 1960, the M.S. degree from Texas A&M University, College Station, in geophysical oceanography in 1962, and the Ph.D. degree in geophysics from Texas A&M University in 1965.

⁴ Apollo communication and data-processing system designer with North American Aviation, now part of Boeing.

Control and Apollo 11 and that those segments were deleted from the official record: “Sources with their own VHF receivers that bypassed NASA broadcast outlets claim there was a portion of Earth-Moon dialogue that was censored by the NASA monitoring staff.” Chatelain added that “it was presumably when Aldrin and Armstrong were making the rounds some distance from the LEM (Lunar Excursion Module) that Armstrong clutched Aldrin’s arm excitedly and exclaimed: “What was it? What the hell was it? That’s all I want to know.”

MISSION CONTROL: *What’s there? Malfunction (garble)... Mission Control calling Apollo 11...*

APOLLO 11: *Theses babies were huge, sir—enormous. Oh, God, you wouldn’t believe it! I’m telling you, there are other space-craft out there lined up on the far side of the crater-edge; they’re on the Moon watching us.*

Two years after his historic Moon mission, Colonel Edwin Eugene Aldrin Jr. was admitted to Wilford Hall Medical Center, Brooks Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas. According to award-winning journalist for The New York Times, John Noble Wilford, “Mr. Aldrin’s problems began almost immediately as he struggled to adjust to life in the limelight. This made him increasingly uncomfortable, which led to erratic behavior and eventually depression and alcoholism. In any event, he was hospitalized for severe depression.”

All men who have traveled to the Moon have indicated knowledge about Alternative 3. In MAY 1972, James Irwin—officially the sixth man to walk on the Moon—resigned to become a Baptist missionary. He said: “The flight made me a deeply religious person and more keenly aware of the fragile nature of our planet.” Edgar Mitchell, who landed on the Moon with the Apollo 14 mission in FEBRUARY 1971, also resigned in MAY

1972 to devote himself to parapsychology. Later, at the headquarters of his Institute for Noetic Sciences near San Francisco, he described looking at this world from the Moon: "I went into a very deep pathos, a kind of anguish. That incredibly beautiful planet that was Earth, a place no bigger than my thumb, a blue and white jewel against a velvet black sky, was being killed off." And on MARCH 23, 1974, he was quoted in *The Daily Express* as saying that society had only three alternatives and that the third was "the most viable but most difficult alternative." Another Apollo Moon-walker, Hank McDermott, was equally specific when interviewed by Anglia Television on JUNE 20, 1977: "Nothing's the way you think it is. We were a dog and pony show—a PR stunt. A *sideshow*! As early as Gemini III, every launch was accompanied by synchronized launches of Agena or Soyuz rockets—at Baikonur, Plesetsk and Kapustin Yar; at Jiuquan, Kagoshima and Woomera; at Kourou and Alcantara. One small, badly-designed tin-can was publicized, driven by a band of broken men. *We were a diversion!*" On JULY 11, 1977, the Los Angeles Times came close to the heart of the matter when it published a remarkable interview with Dr. Gerard K. O'Neill. Dr. O'Neill, professor of physics at Princeton University and author of *The High Frontier: Human Colonies in Space* (William Morrow and Company, 1977) is quoted:

The United Nations has conservatively estimated that the world's population, now more than 4 billion people, will grow to 6.5 billion by the year 2000. Today about 30% of the world's population is in developed nations. But, because most of the projected population growth will be in underdeveloped countries, that will drop to 22% by the end of the century. The world of 2000 will be poorer and hungrier than the world today, he says.

Dr. O'Neill described a space habitat design called Island Three, or "The O'Neill Cylinder": "There is really no debate about the technology involved; it has been confirmed by NASA's top people." (APPENDIX C) Confirmed, proven, deployed and in an unlikely partnership with America's publically-sworn enemy: The Soviet Union. Andrew Shonfield, director of the Royal Institute of International Affairs (Chatham House—Director of Studies, Ian Smart, 1975) in London emphasized that fact on JUNE 20, 1977: "On the broader issue of US-Soviet relations, I must admit that there *is* an element of mystery which troubles many people in my field; and what we are suggesting is that—at the very highest levels of East-West diplomacy—there *could* be operating a factor of which we know nothing: a massive but covert operation in space. However, we are not in the business of speculation..."

Washington's acute discomfort over O'Neill's revelations through The Los Angeles Times can be assessed by the urgency with which SLAPP suits were leveled against journalists. We subsequently discovered that Anglia executive Aubrey Buxton (15 JULY 1918 – 1 SEPTEMBER 2009) was familiar with the O'Neill piece and later expressed regret that similar SLAPP suits were not regularly leveled against British journalists. He reflected wistfully that "chilling effects"⁵ would have no uncertain impact upon the networks; that when it came to Alternative 3, he would be spared the repercussions of a meddlesome free press. Buxton, it is of value to note, interfered directly with the publication of this book; a book that has suffered a host of structural indignities and professional compromises.

⁵ "Chilling effects" refers to the suppression of conduct by the fear of penalization.

SECTION TWO: BACKGROUND

IN order to avoid executive culpability, the day-to-day activities associated with Alternative 3 fall under the purview of appointed professionals. These professionals, we have established, classify Alternative 3 candidates into two categories: “individuals” and “batch consignment components.” There have been several “batch consignments” and it is the treatment meted out to so-called “components” which engenders outrage. No matter how desperate the circumstances may be—and we reluctantly recognize that they may indeed be desperate—no humane society should tolerate the practices that will be herein outlined.

That opinion, fortunately, was also assumed by one man who was recruited into Alternative 3 three years ago. Initially an enthusiastic participant, he was soon revolted by the atrocities of which he was a witness. He did not consider, even in light of the circumstances, that they could be justified. Three days after the

transmission of *Alternative 3* on Anglia Television's Science Report he contacted television reporter Colin Weston and offered to provide him with evidence of an astounding nature. They met two days later.

The man explained to Weston that copies of most orders and memoranda, together with transcripts prepared from tapes of A3 Policy Committee meetings, were filed in triplicate in Washington, Moscow and Geneva, Switzerland (alleged Alternative 3 Headquarters). The contact had access to some of that material and he was willing to furnish what he could to Weston. He wanted no money. Weston, in light of this new development, thought Anglia should mount a follow-up program—one which would describe Alternative 3 in greater depth. He argued bitterly with his superiors but they would not relent; the company was already in trouble with the Independent Broadcasting Authority. They refused to consider the possibility of another program; the Alternative 3 documentary had been officially condemned as a hoax.

Weston is a stubborn man. Friends confirm that although obstinate, he is a first-class investigative journalist. So, angry about Anglia's attempt to suppress the truth, he agreed to cooperate in the preparation of this book. That cooperation has been invaluable. Through Weston we met his Alternative 3 insider, hereinafter referred to as "Trojan." The meeting with Trojan resulted in the acquisition of sensitive documents and transcripts. For obvious reasons, neither can we reveal the identity of Trojan, nor reveal hints about his function or status within the A3 initiative. We are completely satisfied, however, that his credentials are authentic and that, in breaking his oath of silence, he is prompted by the most honorable of motives: *disclosure*. From Trojan we learned about the aforementioned

“batch consignments:” mass disappearances herein alluded to in the news...

OCTOBER 6, 1975, *The Daily Telegraph*:

The disappearance in bizarre circumstances in the past two weeks of 20 people from small coastal communities in Oregon (Eugene, Waldport and Tillamook) was being intensively investigated over the weekend amid reports of an imaginative fraud scheme involving a flying saucer and hints of mass murder. Sheriff's officers at Newport, Oregon, said that the 20 individuals had vanished without a trace after being told to give away all their possessions, including their children, so that they could be transported in a flying saucer to a better life.”

Deputies under Mr. Ron Sutton, chief criminal investigator in surrounding Lincoln County, have traced the story back to a meeting on SEPTEMBER 14 in a resort hotel, the Bayshore Inn at Waldport, Oregon.

Local police have received conflicting reports as to what occurred. But while it is clear that the speaker did not pretend to be from outer space, he told the audience how their souls could be “saved through a UFO.” The hall had been reserved for a fee of \$50 by a man and a woman who gave false names (Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Simon). Mr. Sutton said witnesses had described them as “fortyish, well-groomed, straight types.”

The Telegraph said that “selected people would be prepared at a special camp in Colorado for life on another planet” and quoted Investigator Sutton as adding:

“They were told they would have to give away everything, even their children. I’m checking a report of one family who supposedly gave away a 150-acre farm and three children. We don’t know if it’s a fraud or whether these people might be killed. There are all sorts

of rumors, including some about human sacrifice and that this is sponsored by the Manson family.”

Most of the missing 20 were described as being “hippy types” although there were some older people among them. People of this caliber, we have now discovered, have been “scientifically adjusted” for a new role in Alternative 3. There have been reports of animals—particularly farm animals—disappearing in large numbers, although failures associated with “batch consignments” appear to have occurred...

JULY 15, 1977, *The Daily Mail*

Men in face masks, using metal detectors and a Geiger counter, yesterday scoured a remote Dartmoor valley in a bid to solve a macabre mystery. All appeared to have died at about the same time, and many of the bones have been inexplicably shattered. To add to the riddle, their bodies decomposed within 48 hours. Animal experts confess they are baffled by the deaths at Cherry Brook Valley near Postbridge. Yesterday's search was carried out by members of the Devon Unidentified Flying Objects center at Torquay who are trying to prove a link with outer space. They believe that flying saucers may have flown low over the area and created a vortex which hurled the ponies to their death.

Mr. John Wyse, head of the four-man team, said: “If a spacecraft has been in the vicinity, there may still be detectable evidence. We wanted to see if there was any sign that the ponies had been shot but we have found nothing.”

The Daily Mail report concluded with a statement from an official representing The Dartmoor Livestock Protection Society: “Whatever happened was violent. We are keeping an open mind. I am fascinated by the UFO theory. There is no reason to reject that possibility as there is no other rational explanation.” These were

typical of the threads which inspired the original television investigation. It needed one person, however, to show how they could be embroidered into a coherent whole. Without the guidance of that person, the Anglia television documentary could not have been produced and Trojan would not have contacted Colin Weston. That person was Sir Bernard Lovell, Director of Jodrell Bank Observatory.

SECTION THREE

“In order to misdirect, you must do one of two things: omit or embellish.”

—ANONYMOUS

IT is not called murder. It is an *Act of Expediency*. Many Acts of Expediency have been sanctioned by the A3 Policy Committee, a cabal of sixteen representatives dispatched from the Pentagon and the Kremlin. An unknown number of people—including distinguished radio astronomer Sir William Ballantine—have fallen victim to Acts of Expediency, revealed here, in print, for the first time. Consequently, prominent political plants with connections to A3, including two in Britain, numbered among those that attempted to prevent the publication of this book. They argued that the events of the future are inevitable; that there is

nothing to be gained by the dissemination of facts. Attempts were also made to neuter the televised investigative report of the same name. Those attempts were partially successful; information vital to the story was withheld. The censored information is now in our possession, and as we have indicated, there was a great deal that Weston's team did *not* discover. They did not know, for example, that Sir William Ballantine's death was soon followed by that of Emeritus Professor of Aeronautics and Aerospace at Stanford University, Howard Stanley Seifert (Appendix A). Nor did they know about the A3 Policy Committee meetings.

Alternative 3 appears preposterous until one analyzes the history of the so-called space-race. From the start, the public have been slow-dripped information, much of which is erroneous. Many advanced research initiatives have been kept classified. In 1949, four monkeys—Alberts I, II, III & IV—participated in experimental V2 rocket tests. They all died either in-flight, from heat-exhaustion or upon impact following parachute failure. In 1951, two more monkeys, Alberts V & VI, perished in Aerobee rocket tests. When news of the tests leaked, it was explained that Monkeys in Space had been kept secret for one reason: to avert protest. Most people accepted the official story—that the Alberts had been the first flesh-and-blood space-travelers. Was it the truth? By 1951, the V2 rocket, a World War II relic, had been superseded by far more sophisticated rockets. Were “Monkeys in Space” a carefully-crafted experiment in misdirection? There is evidence that suggests that by 1951, the superpowers were in possession of far more advanced space technology than was publically admitted. Much of that evidence has been supplied by experienced pilots.

At 8:30 PM on JANUARY 20, 1951, Captain Lawrence W. Vinther—then with Mid-Continent Airlines—was

ordered by the controller at Sioux City Airport to investigate a “very bright light” above the field. He and his co-pilot, James F. Bachmeier, took off in a DC3 in order to intercept the “bogey.”

The light dove towards them, passed 200 feet above them, then reversed direction. Soon it was flying parallel to the DC3. Light emanated from a cigar-shaped object bigger than a B-29. The craft lost altitude, passed under the DC3 and disappeared. Two months later, on MARCH 15, thousands of people in New Delhi were startled by a strange object, high in the sky, which appeared to be circling the city. One witness was George Franklin Floate, chief engineer with the Delhi Flying Club, who described “a bullet-nosed, cigar-shaped object about 100 feet long with a ring of flames at the end.” Two Indian Air Force jets were scrambled, but the object surged upward and vanished. If the witnessed craft are of human provenance, then despite official denials, it is evident that sufficient advances had been made by 1951 to provide the basis for Alternative 3.

By the mid-Seventies there were so many rumors about covert information-swapping between the East and West that the alleged “rivals” promulgated a masterpiece of deception: The Apollo-Soyuz Test Project (ASTP), JULY 1975. Leonid Brezhnev sent this message to the astronauts: “Your successful docking confirms the correctness of technical solutions that were worked out and realized in cooperation by Soviet and American scientists, designers and cosmonauts. One can say that Apollo-Soyuz is a prototype of future international orbital stations.” Gerald Ford expressed the hope that this “tremendous demonstration of cooperation” would set the pattern for *“what we have to do in the future to make it a better world.”*

POLICY COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN: A-EIGHT

TRANSCRIPT FURNISHED BY "TROJAN"

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1977

THE PLAYERS:

EIGHT RUSSIANS: R-ONE THROUGH R-EIGHT

EIGHT AMERICANS: A-ONE THROUGH A-EIGHT

Transcript:

A-FIVE: You're crazy—

A-TWO: No, he's right—Lovell is a liability.

R-SIX: It was agreed that expediciencies would be kept to a minimum.

A-TWO: The way he talks—

R-ONE: Who listens to him? Nobody; he knows nothing. Theories, that's all...

R-FOUR: The theories are still valid—

A-FIVE: He's senile!

A-EIGHT: He's not senile. I heard him lecture at Cambridge. What has he been saying?

A-TWO: Oxygen extraction, cap-melt analysis. People are listening...

A-FIVE: He said the same thing at Huntsville.

R-FOUR: What was said at Huntsville was supposed to stay at Huntsville.

A-FIVE: No one took him seriously.

R-FOUR: It's still a breach; Lovell is an unknown quantity.

A-FIVE: Then kill him.

A-EIGHT: Anything else?

A-TWO: He has mentioned the breach in the magnetosphere—prospective remedial action, etc., but nothing concrete—not yet, at least. (APPENDIX G)

R-SIX: How could he know? The technology required for remedial action is at least three decades away.

A-TWO: Maybe he doesn't know, not for sure, but has made some startling insights—

A-EIGHT: Enough, let's vote. Those for expediency... Those against expediency... Fine, he lives. What about Ballantine and Rosa?

R-SEVEN: Rosa has an Ampex?

A-EIGHT: There is no question...

R-SEVEN: Okay, both go.

A-EIGHT: All agreed? Good. What about Seifert?

R-SEVEN: He's exhibiting paranoia—

R-FOUR: About scientific adjustments?

A-EIGHT: Yeah, adjustments; he is reconsidering things in an ethical light... He has also mentioned prestidigitators in a recent paper on jet propulsion.

A-TWO: That wasn't unexpected—a few get away...

A-EIGHT: He could be committed—

A-TWO: Too risky.

A-EIGHT: That settles that.

END TRANSCRIPT

SCIENTIFIC ADJUSTMENTS (APPENDIX B)

AUGUST 3, 1977: The London Evening News...

Human “guinea pigs” have been used by the CIA in experiments to control behavior and sexual activity. The American intelligence agency also considered hiring a magician (Sidney Gottlieb) for another secret program on mind control. The experiments over the past 20 years are revealed in documents which were thought to have been destroyed, but which have now been released after pressure from United States senate and congressional committees. The attempts to change sex patterns and other behavior involved using drugs on schizophrenics as well as on “normal” people.

AUGUST 4, 1977: Ann Morrow, former Royal Correspondent, wrote in *The Daily Telegraph*:

Some of the more chilling details of the way the Central Intelligence Agency tried to control individual behavior by using drugs on willing and unwilling human “guinea pigs” were disclosed yesterday by its director, Stansfield Turner. In a large wood-paneled room, Mr. Turner, who likes to be known by his rank of Admiral, told the Senate’s Intelligence Committee and Human Resources Sub-committee on Health that such tests were abhorrent to him. He admitted that the tests were carried out in “safe houses” in San Francisco and New York where unwitting sexual psychopaths were subjected to experiments and attempts were made to change sexual conduct and other forms of human behavior. At least 185 private scientists and 80 research institutions, including universities, were involved.

Senator Edward Kennedy asked some incisive questions, but like other members of the Senate Committee, found it difficult to keep a straight face when asking about the CIA’s “Operation Midnight Climax.” Questioning two former CIA employees about

the experiments which began in the 1950s and ended in 1973, Senator Kennedy read out a bizarre list of accessories for the “safe houses” in San Francisco and New York where prostitutes organized. In his flat Bostonian accent he reeled off, straight-faced: “Rather elaborate dressing table, black velveteen skirt, one French Can-Can dancer’s picture, three Toulouse Lautrec etchings, two-way mirrors and recording equipment.” Then he admitted that this was the lighter side of the operation. John Gittinger, who was with the CIA for 26 years, trembled and put a handkerchief to his eyes; he nodded in agreement.

It is no coincidence that the aforementioned experiments also started—as is now openly admitted—in the *Fifties*—concomitant with Alternative 3. **Objective:** *reserves of compliant laborers devoted to the construction of off-world facilities.*

Dr. Ann Clark is a research scientist specializing in solar energy. An attractive woman nudging thirty, Clark made her decision towards the end of 1975. She would never have made it had her fiancé not broken their engagement. Her future had seemed determined; she intended to soldier on at the research laboratory in Norwich until they were married. Conditions and pay at the laboratory were poor but they weren’t intolerable. Then Malcolm shattered her with his news. He said their engagement was a mistake and that he had met someone else. Suddenly the laboratory seemed a squalid place. Although important, her research attracted little funding. Aging and obsolete equipment unnecessarily lengthened experimental projects, while other projects could not be started: “Maybe in the next fiscal year but at the moment there is no budget.” Dr. Clark grew frustrated. She wanted to immerse herself in pure

research but there were too few resources at her disposal. It was time to start a new life.

Plenty of others were following suit; they left Britain and defected to generous offers in Greater Europe, the Middle East and America. They both doubled their salaries and were offered superior conditions in which to work: the “brain drain” was underway. (APPENDIX D) Since 1965, roughly 4 million professionals had fled the UK. A department-head at Clark’s Norwich laboratory had left for a post in America at the beginning of that year. Ann Clark wrote to him. Upon receipt of the letter he telephoned from California. His people were looking for someone with her credentials. A company recruiter was in London and he could arrange an interview.

“I’ll get in touch with him today,” she said.

“Let me call him first,” he interrupted. “I’ll put in a good word.”

“Thank you,” Clark replied.

She met the recruiter the following day and was hired on the spot. She drafted her resignation on the train back to Norwich. That was the week, as we will explain later, that she was first contacted by Anglia Television, and at first she was eager to talk to them about her plans. She felt it was important that people be told why scientists were leaving the UK. We are now confronted with a mystery for which we do not have a well-formed answer.

Shortly after the Anglia Television unit arrived at the laboratory in JANUARY 1976 for the first of a series of interviews, Clark was visited by an American with whom she had a long talk. He left and she was visibly disturbed. That same American, we have now established, visited her flat that evening. He stayed for three hours. Thereafter, Anglia Television was no longer regarded with her former warmth. Her work at the

Norwich laboratory continued but she withdrew. "It was very odd; she seemed to regard us with pity," said a colleague.

Dr. Ann Clark left Norwich in a rental car on FEBRUARY 22, 1976.

In JULY 1974, thirty-three year old Brian Pendlebury, a Special Projects Officer with the Royal Air Force, left Manchester for sunnier climes and a cushy post with Lenoxx Australia. An only child, Pendlebury would be missed by his parents, although he promised to write often.

He kept that promise. He kept it for five months. Each week, his parents received a letter posted from Melbourne. They also received photographs: Brian surfing; Brian with friends at a nightclub; Brian in front of Victoria Harbour. That harbour picture was a particularly good one. They had it framed and they put it on the mantelpiece. Everything was fine, save for one disconcerting fact: Brian Pendlebury did not live in Melbourne, Australia. What is more, Lenoxx had no record of a Brian Pendlebury.

Robert Patterson hated taxation and he had formulas with which he could prove the sinister nature of that practice. Friends at the University of St. Andrews, where Patterson was a senior lecturer, had grown accustomed, albeit wary, of his fiery monologues about fiscal policy. Many at the university were relieved when he announced his resignation; he and his family were leaving for the States: *"I've been asked to participate in an interesting endeavor..."*

Patterson announced his resignation in FEBRUARY 1976 and a paragraph appeared in the Guardian.

Arthur Garrett read the paragraph and contacted Patterson. He offered Patterson a platform on which to air his views on taxation.

“Thank you for the invitation,” said Patterson, “but we leave within the week; there’s no time.”

“A very brief interview,” persisted Garrett. “We’ll send a unit. You can speak from home.” Buxton would squeal about the cost of sending a unit from Norwich—just for one interview—but let him bloody squeal. Anyway, John Benson could deal with Buxton. “It won’t take long, Mr. Patterson,” he promised.

Patterson hesitated, “Tuesday morning?”

“Absolutely; what time?”

“Eleven o’clock.”

“And where?”

“Right here at the house.”

Colin Weston, with whom we are now collaborating, made the trip to Patterson’s. The house had been abandoned. According to neighbors, the Pattersons had left on Saturday. The family car was later found abandoned in London.

FEBRUARY 6, 1977: Sir William Ballantine stared at the clock on the wall. Why hadn’t Rosa called? He should have telephoned by now. From his study window Ballantine observed the 76-meter Lovell Telescope. Something had gone dreadfully wrong. It had been a mistake to keep the tape a secret. He should have disclosed its contents to the public. Men had achieved the impossible and the public must know. But who would believe him? So extraordinary were the facts that in spite of his credentials, he would be met with skepticism. Moreover, NASA would deny the evidence

emphatically. He and Rosa had seen something that would alter man's perception about his place in the solar system. "Don't yap about this—not to anybody. You'll end up in the Thames," so said Harry Rosa. Of a paranoid disposition, Ballantine taped his calls and Lady Ballantine has permitted the inclusion of the following transcript.

JANUARY 26, 1977

ROSA: Did you destroy the tape?

BALLANTINE: No, it's safe. I haven't said a word.

ROSA: Thank Christ! Then we can burst the whole bloody thing.

BALLANTINE: What are you talking about?

ROSA: Batch consignments, that's what I'm talking about. You wouldn't believe—

BALLANTINE: I'm not following you.

ROSA: I can't talk, not over the phone. I'm coming to you.

BALLANTINE: To Cheshire?

ROSA: You bloody bet and by the first damned flight I can. I quit, Ballantine, and I've stolen a baby jukebox.

BALLANTINE: A jukebox—

ROSA: Yeah, a jukebox—a miniaturized Ampex FR-900—a decoder like we used last year. I've got one and I'm bringing it to England.

BALLANTINE: What is going on, Harry?

ROSA: Wait till we meet; it'll blow your mind. Jesus, I knew these bastards were evil but I never imagined. I'll ring you when I get to Liverpool.

BALLANTINE: Tomorrow?

ROSA: We'll see; they know I have the jukebox. They're looking for me. I have to play it smart. Maybe through Canada, maybe not, we'll see—a week Sunday, probably before then.

BALLANTINE: Are we in danger?

ROSA: Yeah, Ballantine, me mostly, but I gotta go. A week Sunday at the outside—

BALLANTINE: February 6th.

ROSA: Maybe earlier; maybe not—maybe not at all.

BALLANTINE: What does that mean?

ROSA: That I'm dead, that's what it means.

BALLANTINE: Good Lord! Then what?

ROSA: You'll move on the tape.

FEBRUARY 6, 4:45 in the afternoon, and still no call from Rosa. Maybe he was dead. 5:30—still nothing. They knew about the tape. They knew he intended to go public. He removed the tape from the safe. Maybe John Hendry could help. He was a well-connected newspaper executive. Hendry would tell him how to break the news. Ballantine checked his watch: 6:00 PM. He dialed John Hendry. Hendry answered on the second ring:

BALLANTINE: John, this is Bill Ballantine.

HENDRY: What a surprise! How are things at Jodrell?

BALLANTINE: I've got a problem, John—a serious problem and I need your help.

HENDRY: Certainly, anything. What sort of problem?

BALLANTINE: Can we meet?

HENDRY: You in London?

BALLANTINE: I'm calling from home; I could be there this evening.

HENDRY: I was wrapping up for the night.

BALLANTINE: It's important, John. I promise it will be worth your while.

HENDRY: How can I say 'no?' Come to the office.

BALLANTINE: John, I'm putting a package in the post to you, but I'll explain that when I see you.

HENDRY: Why not bring it?

BALLANTINE: Not a good idea.

HENDRY: Bill, what is this about?

BALLANTINE: Don't worry, I'll tell you everything.

The sequence of events which immediately followed the conversation has been described by Lady Ballantine. We met her on JULY 27, 1977.

I entered the study as Bill was replacing the receiver. He was agitated—this extremely self-possessed man. He was never flustered. He had been behaving strangely for about a week. He wouldn't discuss it with me—which was also unusual. I'd never seen him look as frightened as he did then. He said he was leaving for London.

Bill had a package addressed to John Hendry; he asked me to take it to the post box. He said it was urgent and, although I pointed out that there was no collection that evening, he was adamant that I take it then. Bill left and I never saw him again.

Ballantine's death made all the papers: *Freak Skid Kills Science Chief*. Only one photograph of the crash was made available to the press. A series were taken by photographer George Green but only one was released. It documented the wreckage and a blanket-covered mound on a stretcher.

"Why were the photos confiscated?" we asked Green.

"I've been ordered to keep my trap shut," he said, "but I'll tell you this: ask Hibbert why he lied at the inquest." John Hibbert, Her Majesty's Cheshire coroner, reported that the body had been "extensively burned." That was puzzling as there had been no fire. Hibbert, however, had not elaborated. We wondered why.

"Ballantine's dead. Case closed." said Hibbert. Had Hibbert been gagged? We pressed him, mentioned the burning and then to our surprise...

"It was ghastly," he said. And then he did for us what he failed to do at the inquest: *he elaborated*.

Rosa heard about Ballantine over the radio, but it didn't register; he was stoned and slumming it in Earls Court. He lay dressed on an unmade bed, his unseeing pale blue eyes fixed on the ceiling. Wendy was out getting a paper. He tried to light a cigarette; it hung, unlit, from his dry lip. *Ballantine...* Harry rolled off the bed, fumbled through his wallet. Wendy returned and handed him the paper; he scanned the headlines. Ballantine had been murdered.

"Pack, Wendy!" Harry shouted. "We have to leave *right now!*"

"Why?"

"I need to think, Wendy, and I can't do it here. It isn't safe."

They hailed a cab from Earl's Court. Harry related to Wendy an abbreviated version of events. "I should go to the papers."

"They won't believe you. I'm not sure *I* believe you!"

"I'll make them believe me!"

The cab driver called over his shoulder: “You should try Anglia Television. They have a science thing that would love your story!”

“Anglia—” Wendy began.

“Right, Anglia. The show is called Science Report.”

“God, damn, you’re right! Pull over. I have to make a call!”

SECTION FOUR

SCIENCE Report had a successful thirteen-week trial on Anglia Television in 1975. Ratings were good and Anglia Television had little difficulty persuading the network to sign a twenty-six week run in 1976. Producer John Benson considered it a compliment, as Science Report was his baby. By the middle of DECEMBER 1975, seven episodes were in the can—they were ahead of schedule and the production team was brainstorming topics for the final five. There were seven of them that day in Benson's office which was nestled behind Studio B. He'd often protest that the office was too small to hold proper meetings and also that he disliked the cooking smells which drifted up from the canteen. His protests were answered by growls from Aubrey Buxton, pointing out that space was at a premium; that Science Report didn't qualify for its own production office. Buxton, of course, had a handsome office—one with a view and air-conditioning.

So there they were—the seven of them in the too-small office. Production assistant Jean Baker took notes. Benson paced back and forth. Also present were anchor-man Tim Brinton, reporters Katie Glass and Colin Weston; scientific advisers, David Cowie and Dr. Patrick Snow, and finally researcher Arthur Garrett. “Wave-power,” suggested Weston.

“Been flogged to death, love,” said Benson. Benson, despite his habit of calling everybody “love,” was tough. When he said no he meant *no*.

“Newsweek has an intriguing piece on robot servants—‘*mechanical maids*,’” said Cowie.

“I like that!” exclaimed Benson. “Mechanical maids, yes, we could have fun with that. Jean love, put that down. We’ll revisit it.”

“I think it’s time we took a look at the brain drain,” said Brinton.

Benson stopped pacing, looked at him doubtfully. “I don’t know, Tim. It seems a bit heavy.” He rubbed his pointy chin. “Is it us?”

“If it isn’t, it ought to be,” said Brinton.

“We *are* allegedly a science program and the brain drain has special relevance for scientists...” conceded Benson. “If we dressed it up somehow—” He looked at Garrett. “Art? Reckon you could dig up some case-histories?”

Garrett could see his work-load swelling: “It would take time,” he said guardedly.

“Of course it would, love. Getting the right people, I can see that. But it doesn’t have to be a top priority. Say...five programs from now.” It was that simple. None had the slightest inkling that they were about to embark upon the most astonishing television documentary ever produced.

Garrett knew there was only one way to tackle this task: scores of phone calls. He would call head-hunting firms, universities and research facilities. He would brace himself for rejections. But if he worked hard enough—and had a bit of luck—he'd secure a collection of case-studies willing to talk. As it happened, Garrett got *very* lucky; one of his first telephone calls was to a research laboratory. Human resources informed him that one of their solar-energy experts was leaving for America. Her name was Dr. Ann Clark and she agreed to an interview.

Colin Weston disembarked to Norwich with a small unit. According to Weston, "Clark was not only articulate but she had also done homework on emigration. She was a good subject and I'm glad we managed to get a few frames in the can." His delight died after the film was processed; most of it—audio and video—was blank. Benson fumed. He would have to send another unit. Buxton would be unhappy. He quizzed Weston:

"You're sure she is that good—that it's worth going back?"

"It was a good interview," insisted Weston.

Weston telephoned Ann Clark, explained the situation, and arranged a new appointment:

She was sympathetic and agreed to see us again. But when we got to Norwich, she wasn't at her flat. We found her elsewhere, back at the lab. She was flustered and appeared frightened. For some reason, she tried to give us the slip. She didn't want to talk. She asked lab security to waylay us. It didn't make sense. Morning the next, outside the lab, I managed to detain her; she said: "I can't finish the film; I'm going away." That was the last we saw of her.

They were driving toward Norwich when Arthur Garret read the Guardian piece on Robert Patterson. Back at the office, Garrett phoned Patterson.

“You better meet with more luck than in Norwich,” said Benson sourly. “That was a disaster.” We already know that Weston discovered an abandoned house. As a resource of last-resort, Weston met with the Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews, Bernard Edward Fergusson. According to Fergusson, Patterson had left earlier than he had intended: “He was summoned by his new employer; the appointment must have escaped him. I apologize on his behalf.”

“Who *were* his new employers?”

The Vice Chancellor apologized, said, “Patterson was mum about his next incarnation, but apparently the Yanks presented him with an enticing opportunity.” Patterson’s whereabouts remain unknown, as do the whereabouts of Dr. Ann Clark. According to the American company for which Clark was leaving the UK, she declined the appointment “for personal reasons.” Clark’s rental car was discovered in the parking lot of Number Three Terminal at Heathrow. In the documentary, anchor Tim Brinton elaborated:

Friends say Dr. Ann Clark flew to New York, but flight manifests say otherwise; Ann Clark did not leave Heathrow on a plane. Here, where she parked her rental car, Clark’s trail goes cold.

By APRIL 1976, the brain drain project was deemed lost. Witnesses on which the episode hinged were missing. Audio and video equipment had failed on several occasions. Buxton roared about the “reckless waste of resources.” Had it not been for producer John Benson, the fate of the Science Report episode would surely have been sealed. Benson, in a Hammersmith

pub on APRIL 11, overheard a disturbing story. A man called Pendlebury, an engineer, had left the UK for Melbourne and vanished. Odder still, his parents had received letters regularly from an address at which Pendlebury had never lived. “Brian was a selfish sod,” one of the pub patrons said. “But daft, isn’t it?”

It didn’t make sense to Benson, but in light of the so-called brain drain and the confounding disappearances of Patterson and Clark, he was intrigued. He mentioned the episode the next day to Colin Weston. “Disappearing boffins,” Colin said matter-of-factly.

“Maybe a prank...”

“And if it isn’t?” asked Weston.

“Well what else could it be?”

“Maybe there’s a pattern: Perhaps Clark, Patterson and Pendlebury are connected,” replied Weston.

“How?”

“Let me poke around in Manchester—visit his parents.”

“Look, love, please. We’re a week behind schedule and we can’t afford tickets to Manchester.”

“John, I’ve got a feeling; I’ve got a feeling we’re on the edge of something big.”

Benson shook his head. “We’ve got a show to do. I know you’re still sore over the Clark and Patterson cock-ups, but relax.”

“Buxton blames me.”

“Buxton blames everybody for everything. That’s the way Buxton’s made. Anyway, I got the ass-kicking, not you. He’s going to pull the plug.”

“I’ll go on my day off,” said Weston. “I’ll pay my own way.”

“You’re persistent, Weston. Okay, see what you can dig up but don’t bill anything to the station”

Weston had thrown down the gauntlet and Manchester would prove the turning-point for the foredoomed Science Report episode, Alternative 3.

Dennis Pendlebury is a retired milkman. He and his wife Alice live in an Openshaw duplex. They are an ordinary couple. A couple of modest means, the Pendleburys made many sacrifices to send son Brian to university. Mrs. Pendlebury worked as a charwoman. Weston sat at the kitchen table, flipped through photographs of their son dispatched from Melbourne. The Pendleburys sat facing Weston, Dennis’ arm wrapped around Alice’s shoulders. They drank tea.

“So we were disappointed when he stopped writing, but not surprised; he wasn’t a natural letter-writer.”

“When did you learn of his...” started Weston. “When did his letters stop?”

“Five years ago now—” Mr. Pendlebury began.

“Six years,” corrected Mrs. Pendlebury, “seven in September.”

“Our neighbor’s daughter, Beryl—an old friend of Brian’s—migrated to Melbourne, found a job. We asked her to look up Brian, that way she’d have a friendly face, see? So she visited his address—the address from the letters—but the landlord had never heard of Brian Pendlebury.”

“That’s the address to which we’d been writing!” exclaimed Mrs. Pendlebury. “We know he received our letters.” Mrs. Pendlebury’s hands shook—her teacup rattled on its saucer.

Mrs. Pendlebury said to her husband: “Show Mr. Weston the letter.”

“We wrote to his firm, inquired about Brian; here’s their reply.”

Weston took the letter embossed with the Lenoxx Electronics Corporation logo. It read:

Thank you for your letter which has been passed to me by the Managing Director. I am afraid that you have been misinformed for I have checked our personnel records for the past five years and I have established that at no time has the company employed, nor offered employment to, anyone by the name of Brian D. Pendlebury. I regret that I cannot be of additional assistance.

Weston frowned, “This is the correct firm?”

“Pass me that wallet, mother.” From the wallet he took a slip of paper. “There it is—Brian’s own handwriting.”

Mrs. Prescott, the Pendlebury’s neighbor, a widow with a shrewd and agile mind, confirmed their story but had little to add. Weston borrowed the letter and photographs and left Openshaw on foot for the station. On the train he studied the photographs, particularly those on Victoria Harbour. There was something unusual about the photographs. At the studio he enlisted the help of cinematographer Ian Craig. Craig created copy-negatives from the original photographs and produced several enlargements. When the enlargements were complete, Weston could see clearly the anomaly that he had noted on the train: In the background of every shot were three identical birds flying in a triangular formation. The photographs were mock-ups—frauds. He hurried to Benson’s office: “We’ve had a breakthrough, John. This is no mere ‘brain drain’ story.”

SECTION FIVE

“Twenty-one others,” said Tim Brinton on television, “chiefly scientists and academics, have vanished under unusual circumstances.” They were among four-hundred researched—ostensibly for an extended version of the brain drain program—by Science Report staff. Some, Brinton explained, had disappeared alone and others, like Patterson, disappeared with their families; all told friends, relatives, neighbors and colleagues that they were going abroad. However, as we have already indicated, only part of the story was presented on television. Many facts were still not known when the show was taped and a portion of the material was censored by executive producer Aubrey Buxton, a principal personage also devoted to the suppression of this book.

AUGUST 9, 1977: Letter from Aubrey Buxton to Messrs. Ambrose and Watkins...

I have been given to understand that you propose a book based on one of the Science Report programs produced by this company and that you plan to publish confidential memoranda in which I was a participant. I am not prepared to sanction such publication as I would consider it a gross invasion of my privacy. As you are undoubtedly aware, my company has now formally denied the authenticity of the material presented in that program. It is to be hoped that you do not proceed with this project but, in any event, I look forward to receiving a written undertaking that no reference will be made to me or the memoranda.

AUGUST 12, 1977: Letter from Solicitor Edwin Greer to Aubrey Buxton...

I have been instructed by Mr. David Ambrose and Mr. Leslie Watkins and I refer to your letter of the 9th. My clients are cognizant of the statement made by your company following the transmission of the Alternative 3 program and, in conducting their own inquiries, they are mindful of the background to that statement. They point out that any copies of memoranda now in their possession were supplied willingly by the persons who either received them or sent them and that they therefore feel under no obligation to refrain from their publication, although they will consider your request for anonymity under advisement.

One of the first batches of memoranda we received related to a curious discovery made by researcher Arthur Garrett in May 1976. By that time, despite objections from Buxton, the Science Report team had been enlarged and allocated its own production office.

MAY 17, 1976: Memo from Arthur Garrett to John Benson—C.C. to Marquis Townshend, Chairman...

We have now established that relatives of two of our missing people, Dr. Penelope Mortimer and Professor

Michael Parsons, received letters which appeared to have originated in Australia. In both cases, the letters bore the address used in the Pendlebury case. Photographs of Dr. Mortimer and Professor Parsons include the bird-formation artifacts present in the Pendlebury shots. A Melbourne PI has verified the address and he reports that it is a two-bedroom ground-floor flat near the harbour. It has been empty for a year.

MAY 13, 1976: Memo from Aubrey Buxton to Mr. John Benson...

I have been notified of Garrett's unauthorized inquiries in Australia. I have already issued specific instructions that I am to be kept fully informed on all aspects of this project. Please repeat those instructions to Garrett and all other members of the Science Report team and ensure that they are understood. I am surprised to learn that, despite my warnings, you are still determined to waste company time and money. Let me remind you that Science Report is regarded by the Network as a serious program and that its credibility can only be damaged by this wild-goose chase with which you are obsessed. The more I learn of this affair, the more obvious it becomes that you are losing your objectivity as an editor and producer. Many people disappear deliberately, sometimes for personal reasons. I will not tolerate this station turning that sort of situation into an excuse for sensationalism. I assumed that you were experienced enough to recognize that the photographic evidence is fraudulent. Have you considered that some of your so-called mysteries might have been caused by incompetence on the part of your staff? Did Dr. Ann Clark, for example, refuse to grant Weston a second interview because she found his manner offensive during the first one? Did Garrett confuse the date and send an expensive unit on a fool's errand to Scotland? These are the questions which

should occupy your attention, not unsubstantiated nonsense. I am not prepared to sanction any further expenditure in Australia and I recommend, once again, that you resume the duties prescribed in your contract.

May 19, 1976: Memo from John Benson to Arthur Garrett...

CONFIDENTIAL: *I attach a copy of a rollicking I received from Aubrey Buxton. It's self-explanatory and, for the moment, I'd like you to keep it to yourself. In the future, don't send carbons to anyone before checking with me. We'd better soft-pedal for the moment on Australia. Will you line up Mortimer and Parson's parents to be interviewed by Tim or Colin?*

Six days later, on MAY 25, Arthur Garrett gave Benson bad news: "No interviews with Mortimer or Parsons," he said. "They changed their minds."

"But why?" demanded Benson. "Did they give you an explanation?"

"None at all," said Garrett. "They say they'd sooner not."

"You think they've been got at?"

Garrett nodded in assent. "That's the impression I got but proving it, that's another matter."

"They're important, love. Have another go at them."

Garrett did, but Mortimer and Parsons, despite their former agreement, would have nothing further to do with Science Report. We tried to contact them in SEPTEMBER 1977, but we were too late. They had gone "abroad."

This question of the staged photographs and letters was deliberately omitted from the television program. At the time, it was a question of relevance. Benson admits

regret: "I thought Buxton was nit-picking, but he was adamant. Their value didn't appear worth the aggravation. If I'd known then what I know now..." On JANUARY 3, 1978, we received an envelope from Trojan containing sensitive documents which shed unexpected insight onto something called "The Smoother Plan." The Smoother Plan was an early directive addressed to A3 National Chief Executive Officers.

NOVEMBER 24, 1971:

The recent publicity which followed the movement of Professor William Braishfield was unfortunate and potentially damaging. In order to avert any repetition, it has been agreed to adopt a new procedure in all cases where families or others are likely to provoke questions. The procedure, to be known as "The Smoother Plan," is designed to allay fears or suspicions in the immediate post-movement period. Department Seven will arrange for letters, photographs and mementos to be dispatched to concerned parties. Cover addresses will be circulated to National Chief Executive Officers. Officers will then issue addresses to individual movers. At least four addresses will be provided in each "country of destination." There is, however, no limit to the number of movers allocated to a given addresses. The Smoother Plan will operate for a maximum of six months in respect to each individual, unless circumstances are exceptional.

It is emphasized that, because of the overhead involved, The Smoother Plan is to be activated in selected cases only, subject to review. Only PR risks will be considered. Most movers, (i.e., families), will not merit this treatment. Batch consignment components will not be considered.

It was clinical and cruel, but it made sense.

POLICY COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN: R-EIGHT

TRANSCRIPT FURNISHED BY "TROJAN"

THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1977

TRANSCRIPT:

A-TWO: Nobody's bitching about Ballantine, but what about Rosa?

A-EIGHT: We'll find him; he's on the loose in London.

R-THREE: Do we know where the tape is?

A-EIGHT: No; we've turned Ballantine's place over but nothing.

R-EIGHT: It wasn't in the car?

A-EIGHT: No.

A-TWO: We don't know where Rosa is and we don't know where the tape is. Maybe they're together?

A-EIGHT: He'd have blown it—the story.

R-ONE: You're positive he's in London?

A-EIGHT: He was in Earls Court—with a girl in her twenties. We missed him by an hour.

R-EIGHT: Have you seen the expediency report on Ballantine?

R-TWO: Entirely satisfactory.

A-FIVE: I'm not sure he deserved a hot job.

R-FOUR: Sure he did.

A-ONE: He didn't suffer; it was instantaneous.

R-EIGHT: Is Lovell under surveillance?

A-EIGHT: He's laid up with bronchitis. He might as well be in isolation.

R-EIGHT: Then everything's under control. Maintain surveillance on Lovell.

END TRANSCRIPT

THE "HOT JOB"

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION: a phenomenon confirmed by John Hibbert who gave evidence at the Ballantine inquest. Hibbert, when pressed about the "extensive" burns on Ballantine's body, made this statement:

It was technically accurate to describe Ballantine's body as extensively burned although those words embrace only part of the truth—an understatement. I was requested to make that understatement in order to allay public alarm. I was conscious that there had been some degree of public hysteria following reports of spontaneous combustion and I agreed that full-disclosure would be of little value at the hearing.

I regret that decision and I welcome this opportunity to atone for my failure. Ballantine's body was not merely burned; it was reduced to cinders and scorched bones. His skull had shrunk due to intense heat, but his clothing sustained little damage. There were small scorch-marks on the steering wheel, but the rest of the vehicle showed no evidence of fire-damage. Extensive damage was suffered by the vehicle, but not by fire, as the police stated at the inquest. This is the first occasion on which I have personally encountered spontaneous combustion in a human being but I have studied papers relating to twenty-three similar occurrences. There is still no known explanation for this phenomenon.

On WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1977, three days after Ballantine's death, Harry Rosa telephoned the Science Report office. Colin Weston took the call. Rosa was guarded and refused to give his name, and until he mentioned missing scientists, Weston doubted his authenticity.

TRANSCRIPT:

WESTON: Would you repeat that, what you said about scientists?

ROSA: I know why they're vanishing.

WESTON: Tell me.

ROSA: Not on the phone.

WESTON: Well, really, this is a bit—

ROSA: I'm not shitting you! Ballantine was killed.

WESTON: Ballantine?

ROSA: Ballantine, the astronomer.

WESTON: The car crash.

ROSA: I met him at NASA, in Houston—that's why he's dead.

WESTON: You aren't making sense.

ROSA: Can we meet?

WESTON: Was Ballantine murdered?

ROSA: Either we meet or I go someplace else.

WESTON: From where are you calling?

ROSA: Public box, north of the studio.

WESTON: Then *come in!*

ROSA: Too risky.

WESTON: Mr.—

ROSA: Just Harry...

WESTON: Harry, you having me on? Were you really with NASA?

ROSA: A busy street, maybe...

WESTON: All right, we'll do it your way. I'll meet you around the corner on Market Ave. I'll be in front of the Boer War Memorial, wearing a blue suit, holding a...*red book*.

Weston and Rosa were to meet in one hour. A hidden camera was positioned adjacent to Norwich Castle and Weston's "red book" was equipped with a miniaturized transmitter in order to record the conversation.

TRANSCRIPT:

WESTON: I think you're looking for me.

ROSA: How far are you willing to go with this?

WESTON: As far as it takes. Can you help?

ROSA: Yes and Bernard Lovell can confirm what I say.

WESTON: Lovell?

ROSA: Lovell, yes, at Jodrell Bank. Ask him about Alternative 3.

WESTON: Riddles, Harry. What's "Alternative 3?"

ROSA: Later; right now we do this my way.

WESTON: Fine.

ROSA: Let's walk.

Viewers will recall that the sound quality was poor during the reenactment interview, particularly during the section when they were discussing Bernard Lovell and Alternative 3. There was a great deal of static interference and Weston's radio microphone picked up passersby and traffic. In actuality, there was no such interference.

ROSA: I'm nervous.

WESTON: Why?

ROSA: I'm afraid of heart attacks and embolisms and spontaneous combustion...

WESTON: It was an accident—a *freak accident*.

ROSA: Not an accident; it was called an expediency. I know what happened. I have to get on record. Meet me at this address, tomorrow morning, ten-thirty. Bring everything you've got—camera, witnesses. I'll tell you everything.

Rosa dashed across the road and disappeared down Castle Meadow. Weston was disappointed. The elaborate set-up, it seemed, had been a ridiculous waste of time. He looked at the scrap of paper which Rosa had pushed into his hand. On it was scrawled an address in Lambeth.

"Well, what do you think?" he asked Benson.

"Follow through, love. I'll arrange a unit."

"What about Bernard Lovell?"

"I'll talk to Tim; see if he fancies a trip to Cheshire."

SECTION SIX

WESTON arrived at the Lambeth address with a camera crew shortly before 10:30 AM on FEBRUARY 11. It was a derelict three-story with rubbish moldering in the front garden. Most of its windows, like those of its neighbors, had been boarded up, but in one on the second floor a dirty sheet billowed. The garden gate had been ripped away and there were broken roof-tiles on the path leading to the front door. Weston hurried up the steps, followed by the technicians, and rapped on the door. No reply. He tried again, harder. He shouted and pummeled the door with both fists. A girl called from inside: “Who is it?”

“Colin Weston.” On the other side of the shabby door, in the darkness of the hall, Wendy stood shaking. She didn’t know who they were or what they wanted but she *did* know that *they* could arrive at any time, and that *they* would hurt Harry. She bit her bottom lip, “Who?”

Weston shook his head in frustration. There was no number on the house. He stepped back along the path to double-check the numbers on either side, returned to the door. "This is 33, isn't it?"

"Who did you say you were?" Wendy's American accent, now obvious, was the confirmation Weston needed.

"Colin Weston," he repeated. "I'm here with a film crew."

Wendy was still suspicious. Maybe it was a trick. Harry had said they used all sorts of tricks. "How can I be sure?" she called. "What program are you with?"

"Science Report—Harry invited us."

A short silence, then the sound of heavy bolts being drawn back. The door was opened inches. Wendy, her hair unkempt and her eyes wide with anxiety, stared at Weston then at the camera, sound equipment and tangle of wires. "You're really with Science Report?" she said.

"Can we come in?" Weston said. "Harry *did* invite us." He showed her Harry's hand-written note.

She pulled the door open. "You won't get much out of him," she said, "not this morning."

They followed her down a hallway and up a flight of stairs. Ancient flower-print paper peeled away from the walls. Wendy stopped and she shouted down to the soundman who was the last in: "Bolt the door after you; we've got to keep it bolted!" She waited, watching, while he did so. "You know, this is a waste of time," she said quietly to Weston. Maybe it would be better if you turned around and left."

"He asked me to be here, so I'm here."

She shrugged again. "Fine," she said haughtily. There were three doors leading off the landing. She

opened the one at the front of the house, and there, in the room with the sheet-covered window, Weston saw Harry Rosa. He didn't recognize Rosa, not at first, for what he saw was a haggard and vacant-eyed creature. It was shivering convulsively and its teeth were chattering; it was clutching a matted blanket to its naked shoulders; it was hunched defensively with its knees up to his chest on an old sofa—the only bit of furniture in the room. Weston stepped forward tentatively.

"Harry?" Rosa pressed further into the rotting sofa cushions, his eyes wild.

"Who are you?" Harry growled.

"It's Colin Weston, Harry. Do you remember me?"

Wendy tried to help, "It's all right, Harry. He's with Science Report."

Rosa gave a howl of despair. "It's *them*!" he yelled, "They've bloody tricked you and now they've found me!"

"What's he talking about?" demanded Weston. "What's the matter with him?"

Wendy ignored him. She knelt by the sofa and cradled Rosa. "Now, Harry," she said, "it's alright. There's nothing to be frightened of." She glanced up at Weston, jerked her head towards the door. "You'd better go."

"Is he high?"

"Get out of here!"

"Maybe we should get a doctor." That was when Rosa, hysterical, flung Wendy aside and leapt from the sofa.

"Come on, you bastards!" he yelled. "Come and kill me!" He waved his arms wildly and the blanket slipped to the floor. Save for socks, he was naked. He sprang at

Weston. Weston tried to dodge, but Rosa's nails raked down his face—narrowly missing his eyes—leaving ragged furrows in the flesh of both cheeks. The film technicians, wedged behind Weston in the doorway, were unable to help. Weston drove his elbow into Rosa's nose. The fight was over. Rosa clutched his face with both hands and collapsed to the floor. His heroin-ravaged body was racked by sobs.

"I'm sorry," Weston said to Wendy. "I didn't expect..."

"I told you to go!" She wiped Harry's face with her sweater. "Now for God's sake, leave!"

At the studio, Benson listened to Weston recount the altercation with Harry. Meanwhile, Katie Glass dabbed at Weston's raw face with cotton swabs wetted with alcohol.

"We can't leave him there like that," Benson said. "We have to call the police."

When the police arrived, Wendy and Rosa were gone. According to Wendy, she went out to buy antiseptic and bandages. When she returned, Harry was gone. He has not been seen since.

Benson, Weston, Garrett and Glass clustered around a Steenbeck flatbed editing suite and re-watched the short film shot on Market Ave.

"That's the spot!" said Benson. "Go back!" Garrett rewound the 16-mm film.

"Right, love, stop—*right there!*" The Boer War Memorial clung to the edge of the frame. The camera tracked Weston and Rosa as they proceeded down Market Ave.

WESTON: It was an accident—a *freak accident*.

ROSA: Not an accident; it was called an expediency. I know what happened. I have to get on record. Meet me at this address, tomorrow morning, ten-thirty. Bring everything you've got—camera, witnesses. I'll tell you everything.

"Okay, kill it," said Benson. Garrett froze the reel, brought up the lights. "Well," asked Benson, "what do you think?"

Glass shook her head doubtfully. "An addict," she said. "Maybe it's an elaborate fantasy."

"I'm inclined to agree," said Benson. "I'm not sure we should waste any more time on him. Colin?"

Weston rubbed his bandaged face. "Remember what he said about vanishing scientists? Maybe you're right: maybe he *is* an addict, but it's a hell of a coincidence, the way his fantasies reinforce our work. Did Ballantine *really* go to Houston?"

"Yes, as a visiting lecturer," said Glass. "But it was on the wire; it wasn't a secret."

Benson stood, glanced at his watch. "What do you want to do, Colin?"

"I want to talk to Lady Ballantine."

"You can't. Today is the funeral."

"Tomorrow, then; I'll be discreet," said Weston.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1977

Lady Ballantine was cordial when Weston arrived by appointment at 3:30 PM. She told him what she would tell us on JULY 27.

The package: Did she know what it contained?

"I can't imagine," she said.

Did she know why he posted it to London, and to whom it was posted?

“That’s what puzzled me,” said Lady Ballantine. “It was posted to the man he intended to meet.”

“I’m sorry,” said Weston. “I don’t follow.”

“The envelope—it was addressed to his old friend John Hendry. John called on Friday, late. He was waiting for Bill.”

“Have you spoken to Hendry or asked him about the package?”

“He rang on Sunday, but I was too upset to think about packages.”

At 8:00 PM, Weston met Hendry at his Fleet Street Office. “A “premonition”—that’s the word he used,” said Hendry. “Extraordinary, isn’t it?”

“The package,” persisted Weston. “What was in the package?”

Hendry crossed the room to a table by the window, took a loose spool of magnetic tape from a drawer. “This,” he said.

“What’s on it?”

“Not a thing as far as we can tell.”

“You’ve played it?”

“Sure, we tried everything but there’s nothing there. You know what I think? I think he sent the wrong one.”

“That’s not likely, is it?” said Weston. “Someone so fastidious...”

Hendry went back to his desk and lit a cigar. “Normally, yes, but he wasn’t himself on Friday. His voice on the telephone, it was manic, almost unrecognizable. He must have been under an incredible

amount of stress—trouble at home perhaps, or at work. I don't know."

Weston picked up the tape. "Could I borrow this?"

"Why do you want the tape?"

"We have pretty sophisticated equipment at the studios. Maybe we can learn something."

"Why not," said Hendry, "but keep me in the loop."

On JUNE 20 1977, during the original broadcast of Alternative 3, there was nothing on the encoded tape. Tim Brinton pointed out that it held only "the cold crackle of the vacuum of space." But had Harry Rosa not been stoned on that chilly FEBRUARY Lambeth morning, that "cold crackle" would have told a very different tale, for Rosa had the Ampex decoder—the so-called "jukebox." Nevertheless, progress was being made.

Lovell's housekeeper was protective of her ward. She bullied him about his pipe-smoking: It was a filthy habit, she argued. When he developed a vicious case of bronchitis, she had felt vindicated; Lovell would relent. But Lovell would sooner murder than abandon his pipe; it was part of him. She regulated Lovell's visitors as well. The housekeeper had watched Brinton on independent television and she had a soft spot for him, but it wasn't soft enough: "Not this month," she said. "It's out of the question."

Had Brinton known that Lovell was under surveillance, he would not have persisted. "It really is *very* important; I wouldn't dream of troubling him if it weren't."

She relented, disappeared upstairs and consulted with the sickly Lovell. “I can make a provisional arrangement, Mr. Brinton,” she said, “but it will depend on his health.”

“What date?”

“MARCH 4, 2:00 PM. Is that suitable?”

Brinton checked his calendar. “Thank you,” he said. “I’ll be there.”

SECTION SEVEN

THE Lovell interview took place as planned on MARCH 4, 1977.

“This Harry,” he said, “I don’t think I can place him.”

“He said it was important that we talk to you,” said Brinton. “He told us to ask you about ‘Alternative 3.’” Lovell packed his pipe with fresh tobacco, lit it.

“He did?” Lovell said between puffs.

“Are familiar with Alternative 3?”

“Let me show you something,” said Lovell. He unlocked a desk drawer, withdrew a folder. “Read that; it is—*was*,” Lovell winked, “a confidential report issued by a consortium of intelligence agencies; a report on which I did consulting.” Brinton flipped through the jargon-laden report; scanned over heavily-footnoted passages.”

“What is this?” asked Brinton.

“That is the future, Tim. You are holding a report that prescribes remedial action.”

“For what is remedial action being taken?”

“A number of things, Tim; call it a cascade of failures.” The 64-year-old Lovell removed his tweed jacket and rolled up his shirt-sleeves. “We screwed up,” Lovell said matter-of-factly. His pipe had gone out. He did not relight it. “In fact, we screwed up collectively, for once. In what year was the last atmospheric test of a nuclear weapon conducted?”

“I’m afraid I can’t say.”

“Well, we think it was in JUNE of ‘74. There is a secret moratorium on nuclear weapon testing in the upper atmosphere and for the most part, it has been successfully enforced.”

“I don’t see what this has to do with anything,” Brinton said, tapping the report’s manila cover with his pointer finger.

“I’m getting to it. Are you familiar with the process of ionization?”

Brinton shook his head, and exasperation crept into the corners of his eyes. “I’m an anchor, not a science-guy.”

“In short, it’s the process whereby which an atom is converted into an ion. An ion is an atom with an unequal number of electrons and protons. If an electron absorbs enough energy and exceeds the so-called “ionization potential” by which it is confined, it will break free, thus creating a positively-charged ion. Conversely, if an electron is captured by an atom—if it crashes through the atom’s electric potential barrier—a negatively-charged ion is created. When atoms are

bombarded with radiation, ions are formed—simple, right?”

Brinton humored him and nodded.

“I’m getting to the point: An untold number of atmospheric weapon tests resulted in an enormous amount of ionization in the upper-atmosphere. The tests were conducted before the physics and risks were understood. Plasmas—” Lovell produced a piece of paper and a pencil and began to sketch. “Okay, like this—plasmas are an electrically-conductive gas, and there’s a lot of it in the so-called “vacuum of space,” or at least we think there is. But plasmas are not native to our own upper-atmosphere, not in quantity! Not until nuclear weapon testing. Plasmas aren’t like typical solids, liquids and gases; they have very distinct properties and most importantly, they interact with magnetic fields in acute and dynamic ways. Well, Mr. Brinton, the fact of the matter is, these plasma-byproducts began to interact with the Earth’s magnetic field in *unpredictable* ways and several layered tunnels were burrowed through the mesosphere and into the thermosphere.”

“Again, not a science-guy... So you are saying there are holes—that the atmosphere is escaping?”

“No, things don’t escape into the vacuum of space—Earth has sufficient mass to preserve its atmosphere.”

“Then I’m not sure what you’re getting at...”

Lovell tapped the paper on which he was drawing with his pencil. It was clear that he was unaccustomed to abridging his thoughts for a layman. “Okay, think of the magnetosphere as a shield. The magnetosphere is generated when Earth’s magnetic field is charged by particles from the Sun. Well, Earth’s magnetic field has been irreversibly altered by plasmas generated by atmospheric weapon tests. Consequently, the magnetosphere is failing and the magnetosphere is the

only thing that stands between you and solar radiation. There is a word for the phenomenon but we aren't using it in public: "clefting."

"Like a palate?"

"Sure; Earth's magnetic field has a harelip, or in this case, several harelips. I'm not going to mince my words: life on Earth is in dire jeopardy. We anticipate a total collapse of Earth's magnetic field." Lovell considered his pipe, left it where it lay, sat back in his chair.

"We can't go public with this," said Brinton. Beads of sweat stood out on his forehead.

"*You* can't go public with this."

"And Alternative 3..."

"You're a smart man, Tim; you can probably guess: small colonies on Mars, bases on the moon, orbiting way-stations. There is nothing practical about the colonization of Mars, but its magnetic field is somewhat intact and that's our chief consideration. We considered going underground and there is a large element that has done so or is in the process of doing so, but that presents its own set of problems."

"Why are you telling me this, Bernard?"

"Think about it, Tim; what will you do? You can't go public—you don't have any facts with which to substantiate your claims. Even if you managed to present your case, you would be laughed off the stage. Who would believe it? And yet, ironically, from man's most grave error, the knowledge with which to reach the stars in a laughably simple way was discovered!"

"Wait, wait, but firstly, can't these clefts be repaired?"

"Alternative 1 is devoted to the repair of our magnetic field. It has not met with success. Projects

have been abandoned in the Soviet Union already. Essentially, Alternative 1 requires the construction of a handful of very large and very powerful particle accelerators. Alternative 1 will proceed in concert with Alternatives 2 and 3, but we can't bet on its success. The accelerators may even exacerbate the problem."

"I see."

"Do you? Would I really share this with you if I didn't think people should know? Do I really expect you to compromise your professional and personal ethics? Tell this story, Tim. An exclusive club shouldn't be responsible for the fate of Mankind." Lovell unrolled his sleeves, buttoned his cuffs and put on his jacket. "We have men on Mars. From outposts on the moon, they are able to reach Mars in 33 days using quantum propulsion craft." (APPENDIX H)

"Quantum propulsion!" Brinton was no longer taking notes. He did not look well.

"In the presence of a radioactive isotope, quantum leaps are observed in atoms—instantaneous changes in quantum state. Electromagnetic radiation is released which reciprocally fuels an ionic propulsion engine. It is very efficient and relatively easy to maintain. Anyway, that's the sunny side of the street."

"And..." Brinton hesitated, "*the dark side?*"

"Pretty much everything else; a certain amount of regularity must be perpetuated on Earth—the wheels have to keep turning, things have to be manufactured; institutionalized complacency has to be guaranteed. So Alternative 3 is also in the business of entertainment, or misdirection by another name. Threats will have to be presented to the public but they must be threats for which solutions may be devised; we can't sell futility—"

"I'm sorry, Bernard, I've made a terrible mistake coming here. This is..." Brinton stood, wiped his sweaty

palms on his pants, and unfastened the top button of his oxford. "Listen, I don't think we had this talk. I'm not your man, uh, not for this. This isn't my scoop, uh, something—something terrible is happening to me, to my head, listening to this. I've made a terrible mistake!" Brinton ejected a cassette from the recorder with which he taped the conversation and handed it to Lovell. "Do what you want with it. Science Report—" Brinton balled his fists and stomped his foot. "*I can't handle this!*" He left and in so doing, rather than tell the truth, became a proponent of misdirection; and unwittingly, so did Science Report...

"Lovell recommended consulting someone at NASA, or maybe an ex-astronaut," Brinton lied.

"Good idea," Benson said. He paced with his hands folded behind his back.

Garrett ran his hands through his hair. "And how do I do that?" he demanded. "By the way, Tim, you look sick."

"Thank you, Garrett."

"Okay, Art, an ex-astronaut is a priority. Get on it!"

"It'll cost," persisted Garrett. "I'll have to hire someone in America and that could cost real money. Buxton's not going to like it."

"Never mind about Buxton," Benson said. "You do your job and leave Buxton to me." He grinned: "Anyway, he's a busy man and I don't think we ought to trouble him with such a small matter."

Three former astronauts refused to cooperate. A fourth agreed, but grudgingly: Hank McDermott. In preparation for the interview, Garrett reviewed relevant

transcripts from McDermott's Apollo missions. Here is a poignant excerpt:

MCDERMOTT: Hey, Houston, do you hear this constant bleep we have here now?

MISSION CONTROL: Affirmative. We have it.

MCDERMOTT: What is it? Do you have some explanation for that?

MISSION CONTROL: We have none. Can you see anything? Can you tell us what you see?

MCDERMOTT: Oh boy, it's really, really something super-fantastic here. You couldn't imagine this.

MISSION CONTROL: O.K., could you take a look out over that flat area there? Do you see anything beyond?

MCDERMOTT: There's a ridge with a pretty spectacular... Oh, my God! What is that there? That's all I want to know! What the hell *is* that?

MISSION CONTROL: Roger, interesting. Go Tango—*immediately*—go Tango.

MCDERMOTT: There's a light now...

MISSION CONTROL: Roger, we got it, we've marked it. Lose a little communication, huh? Bravo-Tango, Bravo-Tango, *select Jezebel*.

No more speech could be heard; McDermott had switched to another frequency: *Jezebel*! On the tape there was only static. Tim Brinton, you may recall, underlined that point when the television documentary was transmitted. He said: "...*select Jezebel*—a form of code? Almost certainly, but what did it mean? Absolutely nothing to the estimated six hundred million people listening in on earth." Remember the allegations made by former NASA-man Maurice Chatelain?

"Certain sources with their own VHF receivers that bypassed NASA broadcast outlets claim there was a

portion of Earth-Moon dialogue that was quickly censored by the NASA monitoring staff."

That censored portion, according to Chatelain, included these words from Apollo 11:

"These babies were huge, sir—enormous. Oh, God you wouldn't believe it! I'm telling you, there are other spacecraft out there, lined up on the far side of the crater edge."

Could that have a direct link with the exchange heard on the McDermott tape? Had McDermott, like the men of the Apollo 11 mission, seen something too startling to be revealed? Or were these astronauts mistaken? The idea of unknown and unidentified spacecraft "lined up" on the Moon—to the astonishment of human astronauts—was ridiculous. And yet, McDermott agreed to be interviewed via satellite from a studio in Boston, Massachusetts. The plan was to tape the interview and edit it later. In fact, as viewers will remember, the interview ended abruptly and in the oddest possible way and it places a bigger question mark on the subject of Alternative 3. There was, right from the start, something slightly manic in McDermott's expression and he showed a tendency to laugh nervously for no apparent reason. Nevertheless, he spoke lucidly and displayed no reluctance about discussing the breakdown he had suffered after his final return from space. Nothing remarkable happened, or seemed likely to happen, until Tim Brinton asked a question which we present verbatim:

Now it has been suggested that all of you in the Apollo program saw more than you have been allowed to admit publicly. Would you comment?

The effect on McDermott was immediate: He shouted: "What are you trying to do, man? Just tell me that! What are you trying to do?"

Brinton apologized: "I was only—"

"You trying to screw me?" demanded McDermott. He leaned forward in his chair, glowering into the Boston camera. "That what you want? You want to screw me?"

"Of course not," said Brinton quickly. "And I'm sorry if—"

"Like Ballantine? Is that what you want?" He got no further; his voice was muted in midsentence, his picture on the monitor vanished and was replaced by static.

"Hell's teeth!" Brinton exclaimed.

He was interrupted by Benson's voice. "We don't know where he's gone."

Like Ballantine?

That's the line which grabbed their attention. It had to fit in, somehow, with the mystery of the tape received by Hendry—and with the strange circumstances preceding Ballantine's death.

"We have to talk to him face-to-face. Arthur, see what you can arrange." He turned to Colin Weston. "You're our man, Weston," he said.

Weston beamed. "Great! But isn't Buxton going to raise a stink?"

"Probably," said Benson. "But leave that to me."

Buxton *did* "raise a stink;" he raised it more vehemently than Benson anticipated. We have the memoranda which reveal the strength of Buxton's feelings; a strength bordering on fanaticism.

POLICY COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN: A-EIGHT

TRANSCRIPT FURNISHED BY "TROJAN"

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1977

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This meeting, held later in the month than was customary, was two days after The Los Angeles Times published the controversial interview—detailed in SECTION ONE of this book—in which Dr. O'Neill outlined the solution he called "Island 3."

"There is really no debate about the technology involved; it has been confirmed by NASA's top people."

TRANSCRIPT:

R-TWO: This Princeton man, Gerard O'Neill—*not discrete*.

A-FOUR: Sure, but no harm done—it sounds like science fiction—highly theoretical.

A-EIGHT: It *is* just theoretical as far as he is concerned. He knows nothing.

R-FIVE: He is respected. People listen.

A-EIGHT: Let's keep this in perspective. Washington doesn't want to underscore the O'Neill thing. We ignore it.

R-SEVEN: Nevertheless, Moscow is worried. Rosa, for instance—

A-EIGHT: Not Rosa, again!

R-SEVEN: And Lovell...

END TRANSCRIPT

BATCH CONSIGNMENTS:

HOW TO WRANGLE A "COMPONENT" WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE BATHROOM

BY

WILLIAM LOWTHER

THE DAILY MAIL

AUGUST 27, 1977

Morgan Hall (a.k.a. George H. White) was a spy. He always kept a jug of martinis in the refrigerator. He had a two-way mirror in the bathroom. But Morgan's life was full of woe. His masters were slow in sending money. His assignment was sleazy. The codename for his project was "Operation Midnight Climax." It was meant to be a perpetual secret and no wonder. For two full years Morgan spent his days sitting on a portable toilet watching through his mirror drinking his martinis while a prostitute entertained men in the adjoining bedroom. Her job was to persuade clients to drink cocktails. What they didn't know was that the drinks had been mixed by the mysterious Morgan Hall. They were more chemical than alcohol. Morgan had to record the results. We still don't know just what they were or how they worked. But some of the drinks gave instant headaches, others made you silly or drunk or forgetful or just plain frantic. The effects were only temporary and nobody was harmed, much. Morgan was employed by the Central Intelligence Agency and it was America's top spy bosses who sent him out from headquarters near Washington to set up the "laboratory" in a luxury apartment overlooking San Francisco Bay. Now, 1,647 pages of financial records dealing with the operation

have been made public as part of a Congressional investigation.

It was all part of the agency's MK-ULTRA mind control experimental program. It was reasoned that a prostitute's clients wouldn't complain. The financial records released yesterday show that Morgan was always writing to headquarters. Says a typical letter—"Money urgently needed to pay September rent." His bills for the flat include Toulouse Lautrec posters, a picture of a can-can dancer and one marked, "Portable toilet for observation post." Says the CIA: "Morgan Hall died two years ago. We have no idea where he is buried."

Lowther's story was followed by two more reports which lent credence to Trojan's allegations regarding secret behavior-modification experiments.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1977, *The Times*:

The general assembly of the World Psychiatric Association, meeting behind closed doors, has adopted a resolution condemning the Soviet Union for abusing psychiatry for "political purposes." The international code of ethics, called the "Declaration of Hawaii," follows years of criticism against the WPA for its failure to respond to "ethically ambiguous" incidents.

AUGUST 28, 1977, *The Sunday Telegraph*:

Hospitals for the mentally ill and mentally handicapped have been instructed by the Health Department to collect statistics on operations being carried out to alter personality. For the first time, ministers have acknowledged that there is growing concern. The operations, known as psychosurgery, are carried out to remove or destroy portions of brain tissue to alter the behavior of severely depressed or exceptionally aggressive patients who do not respond to drugs or electric shock treatment.

Neither article pointed out that these operations can also be performed to control the behavior pattern of men and women who are completely sane, or that they are performed *regularly*...

Dr. Randolph Crepson-White spoke to us about these operations when we met him in the Somerset village to which he retired in 1975. He spoke frankly: "I performed five of these operations—four young men and one young woman. All subjects were perfectly sane. There were two objectives: The patients had to be completely de-sexed—to have their natural biological urges taken away—and they had to have their sense of self *blunted*. They would, upon discharge, obey any order without question. I recognized that what I was doing was unethical, but I was told that the operations were vital to "national security." I was ordered to sign an "Official Secrets" form. Soon it became apparent that I would be required to perform many more operations. I quit. I pled grave illness, which is true, and retired." Dr. Crepson-White died on OCTOBER 19, 1977 of pancreatitis.

SECTION EIGHT

AUGUST 15, 1977: Aubrey Buxton responds to Solicitor Edwin Greer...

I am surprised by the contents of your letter and I must insist on receiving undertaking from Messrs. Ambrose and Watkins to the effect that I will not be mentioned in their projected book. I note that your clients are aware that Anglia Television has admitted that the Alternative 3 program was an unfortunate hoax and I am puzzled by the apparent evasiveness of your second paragraph. You state that your clients are 'mindful of the background to that statement.' What, if anything, does that mean? I repeat that it would be wrong to perpetuate in book-form what has already become a public misconception. There is absolutely no truth in the suggestion of any East-West covert action such as that described in the program and your clients

apparently intend to compound what has already been admitted as a serious error of judgment. If your clients persist in their attitude, particularly in respect to my privacy, I will have to seek legal advice and/or redress.

AUGUST 13, 1977: Solicitor Edwin Greer responds to Aubrey Buxton...

There was no evasiveness in my letter of the 12th. I pointed out that my clients have conducted their own investigations in Britain and America into the subject of their projected book. Indeed, that investigation is still continuing; any decisions taken by Mr. Ambrose and Mr. Watkins, in consultation with their publishers, will depend on their eventual findings and I am instructed to inform you that it is not possible for them to give you any undertaking.

Six days later, Greer received a letter from a well-known MP that had been lobbied by Buxton. Because of Britain's restrictive libel laws, the name of the MP has been omitted:

In common with a number of my colleagues in the House of Commons, I have already deplored the misguided motives which resulted in the television program about the so-called Alternative 3. Letters from many of my constituents demonstrate the alarm which was engendered and which, despite the subsequent statement by the television company, still lingers. The fact that your clients should apparently be determined to capitalize on that alarm is, to my mind, quite scandalous. I intend to seek an injunction to prevent the publication of this book.

No such injunction was served but this author was forced to make many unseemly compromises.

APRIL 12, 1977: Memo from Aubrey Buxton to Marquis Townshend, Chairman...

CONFIDENTIAL:

The note from Benson, bearing today's date and relating to his interest in America, is clear confirmation of what I have already indicated to you and the Executive Producer. Benson has become unprofessionally obsessed with this ridiculous investigation with which he is persisting and I recommend that he be replaced immediately as producer of Science Report. I have studied his contract and we would be within our rights to transfer him. I have on several occasions warned him about squandering company time, money and resources. He has defiantly persisted in doing so. I was told nothing of the inquiries which have been commissioned on our behalf in America although, as I mentioned again at the Senior Executives' Meeting on Friday, it is company policy for matters of that nature to be channeled through me. It would be wrong to sanction Weston's fact-finding mission; nothing can possibly be gained by talking to McDermott. We should, I suggest, instruct Benson to abandon this fool-hardy exercise.

APRIL 13, 1977: Memo from Marquis Townshend to Aubrey Buxton...

CONFIDENTIAL:

Let us not forget that Science Report is a network success due in part to Benson's ingenuity. However, I note your objections and I too am concerned about the monies channeled into said project. Weston's proposed trip to the States is not justified. If the situation should change as a result of any further information you may receive, I will be prepared to discuss the matter. Until then, the episode is frozen.

Benson read the note, pushed it across his desk to Garrett. "That bloody Buxton!" he shouted.

"Now what?" asked Garrett.

“We’re going to do it, Art. We are definitely going to do it. What we need is more information.”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know, love. You’re the researcher—the sort of information that’ll swing it with George.” He got up and started pacing the room. “What was it Lovell said about cooperation between the superpowers?”

“He seemed to have the idea that they were working together on Alternative 3.”

“That could be it!” said Benson excitedly.

“Do we know anyone who might develop that thought for us? It has to be somebody with real prestige.”

“Andrew Shonfield.”

“Who’s Shonfield?”

“He’s the director of the RIIA.”

“There’s no harm in trying. Is Colin around?”

Garrett shook his head, “His day off.”

“It’s *always* his day off when I need him,” said Benson. “Ask Katie to pop in and see me, will you? She can start sounding out Shonfield.”

At 5:15 PM, Katherine Glass commenced her interview with Shonfield, parts of which, as you may recall, were eventually used in the transmitted program. Shonfield was cautious, suspicious of Glass’ motives; he did not want to be a party to sensationalism.

SHONFIELD: On the broader issue of US-Soviet relations, I must admit that there *is* an element of mystery which troubles many people in my field. To put it simply, none of us can understand how it is that the peace has been kept over these past twenty-five years.

GLASS: The experts are baffled?

SHONFIELD: Baffled and, for once, in agreement. The popular myth of mutual assured destruction does not stand up.

GLASS: What is your explanation?

SHONFIELD: What we are suggesting is that—at the very highest levels of East-West diplomacy—there *could* be operating a factor of which we know nothing: a massive but covert operation in space. However, we are not in the business of speculation...

Benson barged into the Chairman's office: "You read the Shonfield transcript?"

Townshend, busy at his desk, sat back and smiled resignedly. "Yes."

"Well?"

"Well, what?"

Benson groaned, exasperated. "Surely that clinches it."

Townshend shook his head. "No, John, not as far as I'm concerned. It's either speculation or disinformation—maybe both."

"But George, it all fits! Lovell and Shonfield, each a top man in his field, both suggesting cooperation in space between the superpowers. Rosa, his links to NASA and Ballantine, the disappearing scientists *and McDermott!* He saw something incredible on the Moon! For Pete's sake, we can't drop it, not now!"

"Stop pacing and sit down." Townshend gestured to a chair. "Go on, *sit down.*" He waited. Benson sat. "Now, for the last time, let's get this clear. I realize that something odd may be going on but I don't think it's our business. You've done a tremendous job with Science

Report, John. Everybody thinks so and the ratings reflect that. It's time to buckle down."

"That means you're still saying "no" to America?"

"That's exactly what it means."

"If it's a matter of money, can I point out how much profit this company made last year?"

"The company *does* make profits and good ones but it does not do so by sending teams gallivanting around the world on fool's errands. Let it rest, John."

Benson got up, prepared to leave. "I'll arrange a junket! Weston could do a piece for the holiday series while he's there. I've spoken to Tim Shaw who's taken over the holiday programs and he's quite keen, and I know an airline that'll play ball."

"God, you don't give up, do you?" Townshend grinned. "All right, give Weston the green light."

"Why did you disappear that night?" asked Weston. "The night of the interview—why did you run out like that?"

"Have another beer," said McDermott. He pushed a fresh can across the low table and opened one for himself.

"The bastard was trying to screw me. *Did I see more than I've been allowed to admit publicly!* Jesus, what sort of fool question was that?" Weston forced a grin, tried to relieve the tension. He felt like an angler stalking a clever fish—*gently, gently*. He took a long drink, sighed, put down the empty glass.

"I needed that beer," he said.

McDermott was glowering, "You aiming to screw me, too?" He was frightened. Weston felt a twinge of pity. Would anything be gained by pushing McDermott any

further? It would be easy to tell Benson that McDermott had refused to talk; that he couldn't be persuaded. Benson wouldn't like it. In fact, he'd be bloody furious, but he'd have to accept it. Then he considered Harry at Lambeth, stoned, naked and terrified: "*Camera, witnesses. I'll tell you everything.*" Perhaps McDermott had the key to a piece of the puzzle. Weston needed answers...

"Well?" persisted McDermott. They were in canvas chairs behind the ranch-style bungalow which McDermott was renting in a lonely corner of New England. It was peaceful. No neighbors. Far in the distance, beyond the vast spread of scrub, they could see the tow-like sprawl of the smoke-blue mountains. There were no noises from the bungalow behind them but Weston knew that the girl called Annie was busy in the kitchen. McDermott introduced him to her and then she scuttled out of sight. Annie, he felt, wasn't at all happy about this intrusion. She looked young, had straight hair, no makeup and gold-rimmed glasses. On the far side of the bungalow, at the top of the winding drive, Jack Dale sat in the rental car babysitting his video equipment.

McDermott drained his glass. "Owned a place like this once," he said. "Thought I was putting down roots, you know? Used to go up there in the summer with the family—ah, it was all different then; we had a few horses and—" He stopped, smiled ironically, continued, "Guess you can say I'm not much into planning for the future anymore." He studied his empty glass. "Annie, we're out of beer! Bring a couple more, will you?" He glanced at Weston. "Or you want a *real* drink?"

"Beer's fine," said Weston.

McDermott grunted and shrugged. "Annie! There are two men out here dying of thirst!" She appeared with

two sweating cans of beer. McDermott squeezed her hand. “Thanks, baby.”

“How about getting something on the record?” suggested Weston.

“Like what?”

“Like what you know about Ballantine.”

The guarded expression was back on McDermott’s face. “I never knew the guy.”

“You didn’t go to Houston and you didn’t meet Ballantine?”

“Drop it, will you! I never knew him. I never met him.”

“But you know what happened to him.”

McDermott stood up. “Time to eat,” he said. “Let’s give your pal a shout.”

During dinner, McDermott converted to bourbon on the rocks. Their table-talk was casual, but several drinks later, McDermott agreed to a taped interview.

TRANSCRIPT:

MCDERMOTT: Ballantine and a young radar-guy—Rosa—got their hands on a roll of magnetic tape. Rosa had access to the equipment with which it could be played—NASA techs called it a “jukebox.”

WESTON: Jukebox...

MCDERMOTT: Ampex recording equipment—the data could only be deciphered by the device for which it was designed, like an FR-900, or something similar.

WESTON: Is this Rosa? Weston showed McDermott a photograph of Rosa. McDermott frowned, nodded.

MCDERMOTT: Are you sure you don’t want a real drink?

WESTON: I'm sure, thanks.

MCDERMOTT: Bourbon's better for you...

WESTON: You're saying the tape got Ballantine killed?

MCDERMOTT: I saw the way those guys looked at him. I *knew* those looks...

There was a break in the interview. McDermott emptied his glass and shambled to the living room bar. On JUNE 20, 1977, viewers did not see Annie return from the kitchen, nor did they hear her argument with McDermott. She thought McDermott was being indiscreet. But he was drunk, restless and resented Annie's remonstrations. He yelled at her, said she didn't have "nagging rights": "You aren't my goddamn wife!" She continued to argue—tried to persuade him; he grew madder still. He threw a tumbler of bourbon at the wall and the glass exploded. Annie left in tears. For the next hour he drank heavily. Weston worried that McDermott would lose consciousness but McDermott remained lucid—the mark of an inveterate drinker. *He's drinking himself sober*, Weston thought. The interview continued:

WESTON: Hank, what happened out there—on the Moon?

MCDERMOTT: I don't know how to put this, but it was a disappointment; we were late to the party.

WESTON: 'Late to the party?'

MCDERMOTT: The later Apollo Missions were smoke-screens—to cover up what was really going on out there, and the bastards didn't tell us—not a damned thing!

Here, as viewers will recall, there was another break. It lasted only a split second on the screen but, in fact,

filming stopped for more than an hour. When they resumed, McDermott was sweating heavily. He was sweating because of the alcohol and because of his excitement over what he was saying. They'd said he wasn't to talk about it. That's what the bastards had said. Well, he'd show them Hank McDermott wasn't a guy to be scared into silence. They didn't own him. He was out of the service now and maybe it was time for someone to talk. He was holding yet another drink as he waited for Weston's first question.

WESTON: Hank, you've got to tell me, what did you see?

MCDERMOTT: We touched down several kilometers east of our target and it was...it was *crawling* with activity...

WESTON: Are you talking about men from Earth?

MCDERMOTT: Nothing's the way you think it is. We were a dog and pony show—a PR stunt. A *sideshow*! As early as Gemini III, every launch was accompanied by synchronized launches of Agena or Soyuz Rockets—at Baikonur, Plesetsk and Kapustin Yar; at Jiuquan, Kagoshima and Woomera; at Kourou and Alcantara. One small, badly-designed tin-can was publicized, driven by a band of broken men. *We were a diversion!*

END INTERVIEW

McDermott finished his drink and fell face-down on the carpet. Weston and Doyle left. The interview had been a success.

APOLLO 17

TAURUS-LITTROW

20°11'26.88"N 30°46'18.05"E

DECEMBER 11, 1972 19:54:57 UTC

MISSION CONTROL: More detail, please. Can you give more detail of what you are seeing?

HARRISON SCHMITT: It's something flashing. That's all so far. Just a light going on and off by the edge of the crater.

MISSION CONTROL: Can you give the coordinates?

HARRISON SCHMITT: There's something down there, maybe a little further down.

MISSION CONTROL: It couldn't be a Vostok, could it?

HARRISON SCHMITT: I can't be sure. It's possible.

BATCH CONSIGNMENTS

THE CHAIRMAN – A3 POLICY COMMITTEE

NATIONAL CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICERS – E.O.

JANUARY 10, 1978

AUGUST 27, 1958:

Each designated mover will, it is estimated, require back-up labor support of five bodies. These bodies, which will be transported in cargo batch consignments,

will be programmed to obey orders without question and their principal duties will be construction and priority will be given to the construction of accommodations for the designated movers.

However, in the interests of good husbandry, accommodations will also be provided for the human components of batch consignments, as well as for “food stuffs”—as a matter of urgency. The completion of these accommodations, which will be of a basic and utilitarian nature, will in normal circumstances take precedence over the creation of laboratories, offices, and recreational centers. All exceptions to this rule will require written authorization from the Chairman of the Committee in Residence. It is estimated that the average working life-span of human batch consignment components will be fifteen years and, in view of high transportation costs, every effort will be made to prolong that period of usefulness. At the end of that life-span they are to be considered disposable. Preliminary work is now progressing to adapt batch consignment components, mentally and physically, to their projected roles and the scope of this experimental work is to be widened. Further details will be provided, when appropriate, by Department Seven. Pre-transportation collection of batch consignment components will be organized by National Chief Executive Officers who will be supplied with details of categories and quantities required. No collection is to be arranged without specific instructions from Department Seven.

OCTOBER 1, 1971:

Experimental processing of batch consignment components is now producing a 96% success rate. This is considered not unsatisfactory. The Policy Committee briefing circulated on SEPTEMBER 7, 1965, explained the necessity for all components to be de-sexed. On another note, the permanent elimination of self-will and self-

interest has presented great difficulties. Long-term laboratory tests have revealed that an unaccountably high percentage of components eventually regress into pre-processing attitudes. Advanced work, conducted principally at Dnepropetrovsk has now resulted in a substantial reduction of the “component-personality” failure ratio. Finally, in the future, no de-sexing will be performed until after the personality-adjustment of the projected component, male or female, has been assessed and approved. This will ensure that those which eventually return to their homes as “rejects” will betray no evidence of laboratory work.

SECTION NINE

MONDAY, MAY 2, 1977: Benson was spending as little time as possible in his own office. He could no longer tolerate the smells from the canteen. He operated from a desk in the open-plan office which had been allocated to Science Report. At times, however, it tended to be too noisy, with too many telephones and too many people, and occasionally he was forced to retreat to his own tiny room behind Studio B. Benson and Weston were closeted there together, studying a transcript of the McDermott interview. Benson marked a section with a red pencil.

“There, love,” he said. “That’s the bit that really intrigues me. What did he mean?”

Weston read aloud: “One small, badly-designed tin-can was publicized, driven by a band of broken men. *We were a diversion!*”

“I don’t know,” he said. “McDermott passed out.”

"That still leaves us with questions, doesn't it?" said Benson. "And I need answers."

"Yes, but—"

"No 'buts,' love; I'm getting enough 'buts' from Buxton. He's put in a complaint about you to Townshend; he says it was unethical of you to interrogate a drunken man. He wants to kill the interview."

"All right, so he was smashed, particularly towards the end. I'm prepared to admit that, but I'm certain he was coherent and telling the truth."

"I know, and then he fell flat on his face." Benson chuckled. "You stick with your version, love, because the Chairman wants to see both of us."

"You're serious, then: Buxton is trying to kill it?"

"Yes, indeed. And you didn't do the holiday piece I promised him."

"What holiday piece?"

Benson grinned, "Yeah, for the holiday series—something for Tim Shaw. He's pissed and so is the airline; they don't like to throw away junkets."

"Oh, *come on*—"

Benson stopped him: "Don't worry; he's got his Isle of Man project."

"Then we should locate Harry; he's got answers," said Weston.

Benson frowned, got up to close the window. "So where do we start?"

"Could try the police again," said Weston.

"Be back by mid-afternoon," said Benson.

The desk sergeant was polite but unhelpful. “You any idea how many people get reported missing in Britain every year?” he asked. “275,000 and those are the *reported* disappearances. God only knows how many *don’t* get reported.”

Weston handed him a photograph of Rosa. “He was last seen on February 11th in Lambeth.”

The sergeant snorted, “Gives us plenty to go on, doesn’t it? What makes you think he’s missing? Maybe he doesn’t want to see you anymore.”

“He was frightened, very frightened, and he got me confused with somebody else,” said Weston. “He seemed to think that somebody was planning to kill him.”

“You think that he’s been killed—that he’s been murdered—is that what you’re trying to say?”

“I don’t know,” said Weston miserably. “I don’t think so but I don’t know.”

“Why should he confuse you with somebody else?”

“Because he wasn’t normal that morning; he was bombed out of his mind.”

“He was stoned?”

“That’s right.” They were short-handed at the police station and it was a busy morning. The sergeant decided he had already wasted too much time. He pressed the photograph back into Weston’s hand.

“So what have we got? Male, 30s, squatter, a junkie, paranoid... Anything else you want to add?”

Weston shuffled his feet, said sheepishly, “Sounds a bit daft, doesn’t it?”

“I’ve got your information,” said the sergeant. “If Rosa turns up, we’ll ring you.”

The afternoon meeting with Townshend was a rough one. The Chairman was in a foul mood. Maybe Buxton was right. Maybe Benson was becoming “unprofessionally obsessed.” Townshend had doubts about the transmission of an interview with a drunken subject. There could be repercussions.

“But George, it could prove to be an invaluable part of the program,” argued Benson. “There are just a handful of missing links.”

“Come back when you find those links.” Townshend brushed imaginary crumbs from his hound’s-tooth jacket, glowered at the pair of them. “Until then, your pet-project is dead.”

They returned to the small office behind Studio B. Benson sat at his desk, sniffed. “No fish on Mondays,” he said. “Fish-days are the worst.”

“Lovell—he’s all we’ve got left. If only we could get him to open up. You want me to try him?”

Benson shook his head, picked up the grey internal telephone, and dialed the Science Report office. “Is Brinton there?”

MAY 1971: the authoritative publication *Computers and Automation* carried an article by Edward Yourdon:

...tremendous improvement in various precincts of Government, if one has faith—faith that the computers will work properly. Men have lost faith in their human leaders, and now things will be better if they have faith in a cold computing machine...

NATIONAL SECURITY CITED BY POLICE AS REASON FOR MAINTAINING SILENCE ON USE OF RECORDS

STEWART TENDLER

THE TIMES

SEPTEMBER 9, 1977

The names and personal details of tens of thousands of people scrutinized by the Special Branch for reasons of national security are to be fed into a new criminal intelligence computer purchased by Scotland Yard and which remains shrouded in mystery.

When plans for the computer were drawn up two years ago it was understood that by 1985 the Special Branch would allocate space on it for up to 600,000 names out of the system's total capacity of 1,300,000.

Census projections have indicated that Britain's population will not increase in the next decade. So that figure of 600,000 means that the Special Branch was preparing to feed details of one person out of every ninety-five in the entire population into that computer. But that is merely the start. Discount from the total population all geriatrics, young children, and those who have been judged incurably insane and the ratio under surveillance comes down to about one person in fifty. Take that one step further and the implications are startling. If the average household comprises two adults, the ratio is reduced to one household in twenty-five. That means there can hardly be a street in Britain where at least one household does not merit computer-monitoring by the Special Branch. Can you now be

confident that you or your immediate neighbors are not being studied by the Special Branch? You can be absolutely certain that people you know, probably people very close to you, are getting this particular treatment. And the figures we have given, astonishing as they may seem, do not allow for those people programmed into other Special Branch computers—computers which so far have remained hidden on the classified list.

Is this typical Special Branch work or does it indicate an operation on a scale required by Alternative 3?

Yesterday a police source said that the Special Branch had yet to decide how many names would be placed on the computer and denied that 600,000 would eventually be filed. Scotland Yard said last night: “The question of the involvement of the Special Branch in the project to computerize sections of the records of C Department (the department covering CID and specialist detective squads) is not one we are prepared to discuss, since most of the work of the Special Branch is in the field of national security. The publication of any figures purporting to indicate the total number of records in any part of the project would amount to speculation.

Special Branch is still surrounded by a certain amount of mystique and the same is true of the new computer. The Metropolitan Police and the Home Office have made few public statements about the nature of its use.

Tendler also stated that the activities of the Special Branch were “a closely-guarded secret” and he added: “It is not known whose names and details have been gathered by the officers.” We cannot prove that this particular computer has been used to sift “designated movers” and “batch consignment components” for Alternative 3 from the general population. However, because of information furnished by Trojan, we are able

to state categorically that similar computers are used for this purpose.

LOCATIONS:

FORT GEORGE G. MEADE, MD, USA

PINE GAP, Alice Springs, Australia

GCHQ, Cheltenham, United Kingdom

BUNDESNACHRICHTENDIENST, Pullach, Germany

NAICHŌ, Japan

Little trouble is taken over the selection of “components” for batch consignments. They need to be strong. That is the prime criterion. Their backgrounds and mental capacities are of secondary importance; all “components” undergo behavioral modification. But how is the value of a “designated mover” determined?

DESIGNATED MOVERS

THE CHAIRMAN – A3 POLICY COMMITTEE

NATIONAL CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICERS – E.O.

1972

Standing instructions relating to the recruitment of designated movers have already been circulated by this Committee. However, recent reports from the Chairman of the Committee in Residence indicate that there have been failures in the execution of those instructions. These failures have produced unanticipated problems in the new territory and have resulted in an unacceptably high number of post-transportation asset-losses. This situation cannot be tolerated and I am once again

compelled by the Policy Committee to highlight the overarching aims of the Committee-in-Residence: Every effort must be made to eliminate dissension in the new territory. Affiliative dispositions must be routed and re-entrained. National Chief Executive Officers will give priority-attention to re-enculturation initiatives undertaken by their scientific officers. Suggestibility-thresholds in all candidates must be determined prior to inculcation. Due to the scope of the initiative, the onus falls upon regional case officers.

Candidate-quotas which remain unfulfilled include general practitioners, neurologists, chemists and bacteriologist. A satisfactory complement of computer scientists, mining technicians, and agriculturalists has been achieved. Future personnel requirements will be circulated to National Chief Executive Officers.

THE MISSING

1975-1977

Richard Tuffley, 27, endocrinologist—living and working in Swansea, South Wales...

Orphaned when young and brought up his by mother's sister, now deceased...

Unmarried and with no known relatives...

Lived alone in a small rented flat near the university...

Disappeared MONDAY, JANUARY 5, 1976...

Last seen driving a light-blue mini-van in the direction of Cardiff...

The van has still not been located...

STATEMENT FROM HIS DEPARTMENT CHIEF: "He was a first-class and highly-conscientious colleague—certainly not the sort one would expect to wander off. He was introverted and made few friends but I had no indication that he was in any way unhappy here."

Gordon Balcombe, 36, senior administrator with a multinational manufacturing conglomerate...

Living in Bromley, Kent, and working in central London...

Divorced in 1969...

Father of three children, from whom he is estranged...

Lived alone in former family home; reported to have many women visitors. Some, according to neighbors, often stayed overnight...

Disappeared on THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1976...

Last seen leaving his office in a taxi...

Taxi-driver was never traced...

STATEMENT FROM HIS MANAGING DIRECTOR: "We were completely bewildered by his disappearance for he was a man with a future. Plans were being made for him to move to a senior position at our base in Chicago and he seemed excited by the prospect. We regard his disappearance as a great loss."

STATEMENT FROM MRS. MARJORIE BALCOMBE: "Gordon, for all I know, could be anywhere. I suspect that he is probably in America. He is the sort of man that executive head-hunters try to entice to new posts and it is quite possible that he would not bother to tell his old firm if he decided to accept a better offer. He would just go if it suited his purpose. That's the sort of person Gordon is: self-centered. And I shouldn't be

surprised to learn that he has some woman in tow. Women are his great weakness. The only thing that really puzzles me is the way he left so many of his clothes and other personal possessions in the house. That does strike me as being out-of-character.”

Sidney Dilworth, 32, meteorologist...

Living and working in Reading, Berkshire...

Widower...

Wife died in a car crash in OCTOBER, 1975...

No Children...

Lived alone in a mortgaged duplex...

Disappeared Friday, APRIL 16, 1976...

Last seen driving a hired car in the direction of London...

Vehicle later found in a car-park at Number Three Terminal, Heathrow Airport...

STATEMENT FROM HIS FATHER, WILFRED DILWORTH: “I keep telling the police that something really bad has happened to our Sidney but, although they’re very sympathetic, they don’t seem to be doing much about it. I’ve got a nasty feeling he’s been murdered. He was always a very considerate lad and he’d never want me and his mum to have this sort of worry hanging over us. He was very upset after his wife was killed and he talked about trying to start a new life in Canada. In fact, the JANUARY before he disappeared he said he thought he had a job lined up there but, as far as I could gather, that fizzled out. At the research station they say he never mentioned anything about leaving but I suppose he wouldn’t want to tell them until it was all settled. Now we’ve reached the stage where I dread opening the newspaper in the morning for I’m sure that one day I’ll be reading that they’ve found his body.”

Also missing...

Andrew Nisbett, 39, aerospace technician, born Tulsa, Oklahoma, disappeared on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1976, from Houston, Texas, together with his wife, Rita, and their only son.

Pavel Garmanas, 42, physicist, born in Usachevka, USSR, disappeared on THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1977, from his new home in Jerusalem, Israel.

Marcel Rouffanche, 35, nutrition specialist, born in the suburb of Saint-Rugg near Avignon, disappeared on WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1977, from his apartment in Paris.

Eric Hillier, 27, constructional engineer, born Melbourne, Australia, disappeared on THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1977. Intensive investigation has shown that the figures given by Brinton in that television program represented only a fraction of the true total. And that total is still mounting.

ALTERNATIVE 3

REACTIONS AND REPERCUSSIONS: POST-DENIAL

STORM OVER TV SPOOF

THE DAILY EXPRESS

Thousands of viewers all over the country protested in shock and anger over a science fiction "documentary" broadcast by ITV last night. From the moment that Alternative 3 ended at 10 PM, irate watchers jammed

the switchboards of The Daily Express and ITV companies to complain.

This story made no mention of the evidence which had been given on-screen by Bernard Lovell or by other respected authorities such as Andrew Shonfield. McDermott's important contribution was also ignored. However, the story did indicate that...

...the hour-long spoof purported to show a version of the scientific brain drain. The program was introduced by anchor Tim Brinton as a serious investigation into a disturbing trend. American and Russian spacemen were seen collaborating to set up a "new colony" while viewers were left to infer that the reason for the exploration was the projected end of life on Earth. The documentary had a disclaimer. What this program shows may be considered unethical.

Viewers protested their shock immediately. Others complained of ITV's "irresponsibility." Early today, a spokesman for the Independent Broadcasting Authority said it had thought long and hard before allowing the documentary to be aired. But Mrs. Denise Ball of Camberley, Surrey, said: "I was scared out of my wits. It was all so real."

Mrs. Mary Whitehouse, the renowned Clean-Up-TV campaigner, was another who believed the "Buxton denial." She was quoted in another newspaper as saying: "I had hundreds of calls. The film was an expert piece of deception."

That was the immediate reaction and it was understandable. The facts assembled by Benson and his team were so alarming that people were eager to believe that they were untrue. Buxton's denial, which drew a comforting veil over the affair, was readily accepted. All this put men like Arthur Garrett in an invidious position. Over Robert Patterson, for example: Had

Patterson really existed? That question was implied by the attitude of most newspapers, and for some unfathomable reason, officials at the University of St. Andrews refused to make any comment. Chancellor Bernard Edward Fergusson was on a “scholar’s quest” abroad. Was Patterson a figment of Garrett’s imagination? Was that why Weston had been unable to interview him? The questions were piling up. Days later, once *Alternative 3* had been properly digested, Fleet Street considered the investigative report in a different light.

Arthur Garrett told us that relief arrived on JUNE 26 when he opened the Sunday Telegraph. Esteemed columnist Philip Purser wrote: “a number of mysteries within the mystery posed by *Alternative 3* remain unsolved.” Philip Purser made it abundantly clear that he was too shrewd to be fooled by the Buxton denial. He concluded his Sunday Telegraph article with these thoughts:

It would be a mistake to file Alternative 3 away too cozily with Panorama’s spaghetti harvest and other hoaxes. Suppose it was fiendish double-bluff inspired by the very agencies identified in the program and that the superpowers really are setting up an extraterrestrial colony of outstanding human beings to safeguard the species?

Many sensed the underlying truth. Tim Brinton received the following note from ESA Director General Roy Gibson: “I must congratulate you and Colin Weston on your assiduous research.”

Yet mainstream newspapers still exhibited a reluctance to pursue the subject of *Alternative 3*. Why didn’t they question Marjorie Balcombe? Why didn’t they contact Dennis Pendlebury in Manchester or Richard Tuffley’s former colleagues in Swansea? The authors have already revealed that publication of this

book was subject to rigorous and demoralizing censorship, as well as structural compromise. Likewise, is it possible that newspapers have too been subjected to similar pressures, and that they have yielded to those pressures? A key to this presumption was provided by Kenneth Hughes in the *Daily Mirror* on JUNE 20, 1977, the day of the broadcast. He had secured advance-access to material gathered by Benson and his team and his article was headlined: *What on Earth is going on?* He wrote:

A science program is likely to keep millions of Britons glued to their armchairs. Alternative 3 is an investigation into the disappearance of several scientists. They seem simply to have vanished from the face of the Earth. Chilling news is read by former ITV newscaster Tim Brinton who gives a gloomy report on the future.

The program will be screened in several other countries, but not America. Network bosses there want to assess its effect on British viewers.

The truth was, however, that network bosses in America, as well as in Russia, were permitted no discretion: *Screening of Alternative 3 was forbidden.* And in the UK, the backlash which followed the transmission resulted in a media-blackout. Andrew Shonfield, already introduced, was reluctant to become deeply involved. On JULY 9, Watkins visited Shonfield at the Royal Institute for International Affairs:

WATKINS: Alternative 3 has been called a hoax. What is your reaction?

SHONFIELD: It would be wrong, in the present political climate, for me to make any comment.

WATKINS: You suggested, on record, that cooperation between East and West could involve some “massive but covert operation in space.” Would you elaborate?

SHONFIELD: I emphasized that this *could* be the situation but I did not state categorically that it *was*. In fact, as I recall, I explained that I was not in the business of speculation.

SHONFIELD: You took part in that program as an expert commentator. How do you feel about its dismissal as a hoax?

SHONFIELD: The program was of a more sensational nature than I had anticipated. I was surprised by some of its discoveries.

WATKINS: Do you think there is validity in those discoveries?

SHONFIELD: I'm sorry. I'd prefer to say no more.

The interview was unsatisfactory. However, only a few weeks later, we received information which provided deeper insight into Alternative 3.

POLICY COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN: A-EIGHT

TRANSCRIPT FURNISHED BY "TROJAN"

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1977

TRANSCRIPT:

A-TWO: But losing a whole batch consignment like that!

A-EIGHT: We had bum luck, that's all there is to it.

A-TWO: Three hundred bodies smashed to bits—a complete write-off and that's all you can say? "We had bum luck..." Look, I'm not a technical man and I tend to

get lost with some of this technical talk, so will someone please explain just how a thing like this can happen, because, I tell you, I've got a gut-feeling there's been carelessness.

R-FIVE: You can't prevent the occasional mishap—it's unrealistic and in this case, perfectly random.

A-TWO: Yes, but—

R-FIVE: Meteorites are very common; roughly 19,000 weighing over 3.5 ounces enter the Martian atmosphere every day.

A-TWO: Don't our pilots take avoiding action?

A-EIGHT: There isn't a crack fighter-pilot alive able to dodge an incoming meteorite.

R-EIGHT: This discussion, in my humble opinion, is over. Our scientific people at Archimedes Base have assured us that this disaster—our *first*, I must emphasize—could not have been avoided, and that has been confirmed by the Committee in Residence.

Other matters...

The ITV broadcast was a success and as a disinformation piece, it exceeded all expectations. I think we have learned—and *are learning*—many invaluable lessons. This is a red-letter day for asymmetric psychological warfare.

A-FIVE: And it's the first campaign of its type that has been *successfully* sub-contracted, and no one's the wiser.

R-EIGHT: Well, it's cannon-fodder, as you say—a new myth. With a little luck, it will assume a life of its own, run on auto-pilot, adequately misdirect...

A-TWO: And Lovell?

A-EIGHT: He has demonstrated that people sooner embrace the safety of the lie than seek the danger that

accompanies the truth—Brinton will take Lovell's revelations to the grave.

R-TWO: No sleep-job?

A-EIGHT: No sleep-job.

END TRANSCRIPT

SECTION TEN

JOSEPH Banks Rhine, founder of the Foundation for Research on the Nature of Man (FRNM) and frequent lecturer, was interviewed on our behalf by Colin Weston in Brussels on SEPTEMBER 23, 1977. That interview, which Weston taped, provided insight into the meaning of the phrase “sleep-job.” In the early 1960s, he explained, significant advances were made in the study of parapsychology at the universities of Kharkov and Leningrad. The advances involved telepathy and, more specifically, the long-distance invasion and manipulation of minds. The potential military advantages were obvious: Enemies could be suborned remotely—virtual marionettes. “Experiments have demonstrated that children, like birds and beasts, are more receptive to telepathic messages than are adults,” said Dr. Rhine. “The fully-developed mind erects barriers; barriers that may be penetrated when one’s defenses are compromised, either by fatigue or

emotional distress. The barriers that the mind would erect in the waking world are diminished during REM sleep. This is the window during which the mind may easily be invaded...*and controlled*.”

Weston frowned, said incredulously, “Controlled, eh?”

“Instructions can be administered and if circumstances are propitious he will obey those instructions, even an order to self-destruct.”

“Good God!” said Weston.

“It’s a delicate business. There are many variables to which attention must be paid: biorhythms, overall impressionability, and psi-sensitivity—”

“The instinct for self-preservation would countermand any instructions calculated to result in suicide!” interrupted a disbelieving Weston.

“Did you read that somewhere? It isn’t true. The mind, regardless of its perceived waking resolve, is highly malleable.”

“And this is a common practice?”

“Common? I’m not saying that; I’m telling you what is possible.” Maybe Dr. Rhine was right:

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1976: **James Riggerford**, 42, happily married with three children, walked from his beachside home south-west of Houston, Texas, sometime shortly after 3:00 AM, two days after resigning as the Operations Administrator with NASA. His body, found clad in pajamas, was later recovered from the Gulf of Mexico.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1976: **Roger Marshall-Smith**, a 31 year-old physicist who had recently returned from temporary attachment to NASA in America, was living with his parents in Winchester, Hampshire. They found him just after 1:00 AM, two hours after they had

all gone to sleep, in flames at the bottom of the stairs. He had apparently, while still asleep, doused his clothing with turpentine and set fire to himself. The agony of burning had awakened him but by then, it was too late.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1977: **James Arthur Carmichael**, 35, aerospace technician, fell to his death at 4:35 AM from a sixteenth-floor hotel bedroom window in Washington. Friends said that he had seemed happy and in normal spirits the previous evening and had gone to bed alone at midnight. He, too, was wearing pajamas.

Were these men “sleep-jobs?” We don’t claim to know but we consider it a possibility.

Tim Brinton joined Benson in the room behind Studio B. “How were things with George?” he asked.

“Not good,” said Benson miserably. “He wants to junk Colin’s interview with McDermott. Quite frankly, Tim, it looks bad unless you can squeeze more out of Lovell.”

“More!” responded Brinton, clearly exasperated. “What more could you want!”

“Relax, Tim. It seems to hinge on Lovell,” Benson nodded. “Lovell has pertinent knowledge.”

“There’s a big difference between knowing and talking.” Brinton visualized the growing clefts in the magnetosphere. He began to sweat. “He wasn’t forthcoming, John. I don’t think we should press him.”

“Try him again,” urged Benson. “Tell him everything you know; what we’ve got from McDermott and Shonfield.”

Two days later, Brinton was back in Lovell's book-lined study at Jodrell Bank. Lovell and Brinton sat opposite one another, saying nothing. Lovell shattered the silence, which had grown icy: "We can make up any old thing, Tim. It doesn't have to be the truth. I'll talk about environmental collapse, the hole in the ozone layer, pesticides—anything. You aren't culpable. It will be our little secret." For once, Lovell was without his signature tweed jacket and his sleeves were already rolled up above the elbows, as if he was prepared for a brawl.

"This is awkward. I regret our last meeting—everything about it—"

"Here is my proposal, Tim. In a minute, you'll turn on your tape-recorder. I will start talking. 50% of what I will say will be relatively true. You'll get a scoop in which John Benson will have some faith. Sound good?"

Brinton rested the tape-recorder on his lap, pressed the "record" button.

THE LOVELL TRANSCRIPT, PART DEUX:

LOVELL: You know about Alternatives 1 and 2 and why they were rejected. Alternative 3 offered a more limited option—an attempt to ensure the survival of a small cross-section of the species...*in theory*. We were academics, after all, not technicians; we were under the impression that the technology that the theories demanded were beyond man's grasp. We were wrong.

BRINTON: Uh, right—um, so this third option was, uh, interplanetary?

LOVELL: Right, off-world: Mars, ultimately, with intermediate staging on the Moon.

BRINTON: What about candidacy?

LOVELL: For Alternative 3? It's not a lottery, if that's what you're asking.

BRINTON: Mars was always the primary destination?

LOVELL: Not at first: 100,000 million + stars in the Milky Way and as long ago as 1950 Fred Hoyle estimated that more than a million of those stars had planets amicable to life.

BRINTON: It was that vague?

LOVELL: In '57, at Huntsville, but the situation soon changed, and by "soon" I mean twelve months. Preparations were well underway by FEBRUARY of '58. Turn the tape off.

Brinton complied.

"You are under the impression that Earth is a unique water-rich blob of mud teeming with life, alone in an otherwise desolate and lifeless solar system. This notion has been marketed very aggressively and for obvious reasons. It isn't true. Our definition of "life" has been reevaluated. We have learned that sentience isn't something that develops exclusively in a greenhouse like Earth; the kind of sentience exhibited by creatures on Earth is but one variety. That we found a great deal of life on Mars shouldn't come as a surprise, and although it was spectacular news, our imperatives precluded disclosure."

"When you say "sentience," you mean other conscious life-forms, like you and me."

"No, not like you and me—not exactly, although at first..." Lovell paused, withdrew his pipe from his pants pocket, reached for a nearby bag of tobacco, continued: "Your people will portray Alternative 3 in a negative light and that is understandable. But I'm not sure any of us has the choices he or she thinks he has. I can only say—and I know our astronauts, if they were able, would confirm this—the rules on Earth do not apply in Space."

“I don’t understand—the pictures relayed from Viking revealed an endless expanse of red rock—terrain that seemed to offer little prospect for colonization—the telemetry, everything...”

“Uh, right,” started Lovell, “Viking was equipped with several instruments, one of which was developed by a sewage engineer named Gilbert Levin. It was designed to detect microbial life. It worked; microbial life was detected in abundance...but it wasn’t corroborated.

“I don’t understand.”

“The Viking missions were designed to fail, not unlike the Gemini missions. Viking’s carbon-detector was disabled in order to discredit Levin’s results; NASA knew that Levin’s device would detect life in abundance. They did with the Viking Missions what they will do with your Alternative 3 broadcast: seed a handful of truths and then discredit them; truths that once undermined, will have a hell of a time finding a credible audience. This is the method whereby which secrecy is maintained, and you, Mr. Brinton, are an unwitting agent. I know you’ll do the right thing.”

Brinton telephoned Benson from a payphone on Nantwich Street in Cheshire. He told him the Lovell interview was a success, and then walked to The Black Lion on Welsh Row. He ordered a whisky. And then another.

George H. Leonard, interviewed by Colin Weston, agreed that there was an obvious conflict between the description of Mars offered by Lovell and the pictures which had been released by NASA: “Many people have also wondered why NASA was so stingy with its

photographic budget,” he said, “particularly when you consider how important the pictures are supposed to be.” Leonard pointed to a blow-up photograph of “familiar” Martian terrain which was mounted on a board in the studio. “That picture says it for me,” he said. “We’re told that they spent all that money putting that probe on Mars and then what do they do? They equip it with a camera which can focus only up to one hundred meters. And that, as somebody observed, is about the size of a large film studio; it doesn’t add up. If they really wanted high-resolution imagery of Mars, they would equip the craft with a vastly superior camera system—better cameras are available—make no mistake about that—but the one they used, well, it was as if they’d deliberately fitted it with blinders and a broken lens.”

“They determined that we should see only what they wanted us to see?”

“That could be. Everything we see is filtered through NASA—it is second-hand. So if they tell us it’s Mars, such a pronouncement must be accepted on faith. Audio is no different; we don’t hear everything that’s said between Mission Control and the spacecraft. There’s another channel—the biological channel.”

“We learned about that from Maurice Chatelain,” said Weston.

“Sure, Chatelain; he was well-acquainted with the Apollo Unified S-Band System.

SECTION ELEVEN

“It was my job to ensure that the extraterrestrial question was considered and promoted by the type of people that would, by association, undermine the question’s salience.”

—ANONYMOUS

WENDY had not gone back to Lambeth—not since Harry disappeared. He didn’t get out on his own, not while stoned; someone must have taken him. She knew she would never see him again. She had to get away, or they might kill her, too. She went to Birmingham; they would not find her there. Had she let Harry down? She remembered the small box which he had considered so important; he had hidden it beneath a floorboard at the Lambeth house. “It held the key,” he’d told her, “to something important;

to a tape made by the dead man—*Ballantine*.” She ought to get that box to Weston at Anglia TV. She owed Harry that much.

On Thursday, JUNE 9, Wendy took a train to London and traveled by bus across the city and by 3:30 PM she was at number 33—the formerly derelict house. It had been renovated and through the ground-floor windows she could see a group of young people sitting in a circle with their eyes closed. Wendy hesitated. She was anxious and disappointed. She had expected the house to be empty. She had anticipated walking in, marching to the second-floor, peeling away the floorboard and of hurrying away with the box. Now it couldn’t be like that at all. She tapped with her knuckles on the door—tentatively, at first, and then harder. Footsteps approached and the door was opened by a tall and scrawny man with long hair and an unkempt beard. His feet were bare and he was wearing tattered blue jeans patched with bits of floral curtaining. His eyes—dark and deeply-set—were disconcerting. He was in his mid-thirties, maybe, or even nudging forty. “Good afternoon, sister,” he said. “Jesus loves you.” His voice was deep and his accent was East London.

“Who are you?” asked Wendy.

“Eliphaz,” he replied. “Eliphaz the Temanite.”

“I used to live here. I left something important behind.”

“The only thing that is important is Jesus. Has *He* entered your heart? He is waiting—waiting for you to invite Him in.”

“Could I pop in and collect it?”

The man stepped back, gestured for her to follow, “Here in the Temple, everyone is welcome,” he said. “Come on in. Jesus is here,” said the man encouragingly. “And you *need* Jesus.”

Wendy pointed to the youngsters who were still kneeling in their silent circle. "What are they doing in there?" she asked.

"We are the Children of Heavenly Love," said the man. "We were sinners and we lived in the bondage of the flesh but Jesus Christ, the greatest revolutionary of them all, has entered our hearts and saved us from sin." He closed his eyes, screwed up his face in apparent anguish. "Thank you, oh thank you, Lord Jesus," he said. He opened his eyes, smiled, and extended a hand in invitation.

"Eliphaz," said Wendy, "Is that your real name?"

"It became my name when I entered into the love of Christ," he said. "Before I found the Lord I was called *Jack*. Now I am saved and Jack has exited stage-left."

"That thing I mentioned," she said. "I left it upstairs, under the floorboards."

"You are more than welcome to come in," said the man. "Here in the Temple we do not wish to keep things which are the possessions of others." She followed him through the hall and up the stairs. The place had been cleaned and the walls had been painted. All three doors on the landing were open.

Wendy indicated the front room. "In there," she said.

The man stopped, put a hand on her arm. "I forgot to ask your name."

"Why?"

He smiled, "There is fear in you, sister. You should accept the Lord and let Him help you."

"Why is my name important?"

"So that I can introduce you to my brothers," he said. Wendy noticed two young men in the room. Both were about eighteen and dressed in the style of the man called

Eliphaz. There was no furniture, not even the old sofa. The young men were seated on the bare boards, studying a shared Bible, whispering.

“My name is Wendy.”

Both youngsters immediately looked up and scrambled to their feet. “This is Wendy,” said Eliphaz. He took Wendy’s elbow, eased her into the room.

“This is Lazarus, one of our brothers from America,” he said. “And our friend over here used to be called Arthur, but now he’s filled with the Spirit and he’s become Canaan. Canaan the Rechabite.”

“Jesus loves you, Wendy,” said Lazarus politely. “Praise the Lord!” He spoke with the warm and homely drawl of the Deep South. On the knuckles of his right hand was tattooed the word “love.” A tattoo on his left said “hate.”

“Yes, Jesus loves you,” said Canaan.

“Thank you,” she said. It sounded ridiculously inadequate and there was an awkward silence. She indicated the section of the floor where the sofa had been and turned to Eliphaz the Temanite. “It should be there,” she said, “under the loose boards.”

He nodded. “You need help?”

“No, thank you. I can manage.” They watched as she attempted to pry up one of the boards.

“Wendy, do you know Jesus?” Lazarus put the question casually.

“Sure.” She was preoccupied with her work and she did not look up. “Sure I know Him.” The board was fixed more firmly than she’d expected.

“I mean really *know* Him,” said Lazarus, vehemence in his voice.

The board was now rising from the floor. Wendy wormed her fingers under it and started to tug.

“I tell you,” continued Lazarus, “He was an unwashed hairy hippy from the slums of Galilee, but, you gotta believe me, that cat was for real.”

Loud creaks as bits of wood bent and finally burst away from the retaining nails. Wendy peered down into the darkness: *nothing*. She must have picked the wrong board. “Yes, He’s here with us today. He’s right here in this room, and I tell you, He’s a mind-blower.”

Maybe it was nearer the window. Yes, the board had been just behind the sofa.

“He’s the ultimate trip, Wendy, and you want to get with Him because there ain’t much time left.”

This board was looser. She jiggled it a little to get a better grip and lifted.

“It’s all right here in the Bible, how the seven vials of the wrath of God will be poured over the nations.”

There! She snatched the box, got to her feet. “Thank you,” she said. “I’m sorry to have interrupted you.” Eliphaz, she now realized, had placed himself squarely between her and the door. His face was coldly resolute and his arms were folded across his chest. “That box is yours and whatever is in it is yours, but I have to ask you one question,” he said. “Does it contain drugs?” Suddenly he seemed bigger than before—bigger and more powerful. She had been a fool to return to this house. Lazarus and Canaan the Rechabite seemed to be closing in on her, one on either side; her stomach was churning with panic.

“I’ve got to go now.” She was struggling to control her voice, “please let me go.”

“It’s all here in the Book of Revelation.” Lazarus appeared to be unaware of what was happening in the

room. He was preoccupied entirely with his convictions about the imminent End of Days. “Listen to this, the Bible gives facts and details: *‘...and the fourth angel poured out his vial upon the sun and power was given unto him to scorch men with fire...’*”

Eliphaz held out his hand. “Give me the box.”

“No!” she shouted. “It’s nothing like that!” He stood aside to let her pass.

“Please forgive me for being suspicious,” Eliphaz apologized. “We would have taken them if they had been drugs. We would have taken them and destroyed them. You have to realize that many of our brothers and sisters here were damaged by drugs in their days of fleshly bondage.”

“You’re letting me go?”

“Of course, but please come back to see us,” said Eliphaz. “All God’s children are welcome in the Temple.”

“Let Jesus into your heart, Wendy,” said Lazarus as she walked to the landing.

“Hallelujah!” added Canaan the Birmingham Rechabite.

Eliphaz escorted her to the front door. “Don’t forget, sister, that you *do* need Jesus,” he said. “God be with you.”

At a nearby phone box, she dialed the number for Anglia Television. “May I speak with Colin Weston?”

“One moment,” said the operator. “I’ll put you through.”

Arthur Garrett had prepared a background-information sheet about Mars for Benson so that some of the details could be fed into the program’s links. Here is a relevant excerpt:

One question which has not been satisfactorily resolved concerns the atmosphere of Mars. Does it have air which we could breathe? The answer, quite frankly, is that no one seems to know. I've spoken to a number of scientists who are confident that quantities of free oxygen did exist there at one time. It may well be that, as Lovell has suggested, life-supporting atmosphere has been locked in the surface-soil but I have been unable to find any other expert who is prepared to publicly endorse that suggestion. Obviously the question of Mars colonization depends on an Earth-like atmosphere. Lovell has been publically denounced by his peers; I wouldn't stick my neck out professionally on his say-so. In short, John, it's a fascinating theory but it doesn't add up...

Benson read the last few lines for the second time and snorted. "Well, Arthur love, it's my neck that'll be sticking out, not yours," he said. "Lovell's got me convinced and I'm prepared to gamble on him." But he didn't need to gamble, not as it turned out. For, at that moment, Wendy was waiting to talk to Colin Weston.

JUNE 13, 1977: Memo from Aubrey Buxton to Marquis Townshend, Chairman...

I have returned to the studios today after a week's sick leave and I am astonished to learn that it is your intention to permit the McDermott interview. We have already discussed the unethical circumstances under which the interview was conducted as well as McDermott's extravagant views. We agreed, I thought, that his statements could not possibly be substantiated and that, if dignified by inclusion in a program purporting to be serious, could do considerable harm. This particular Science Report program, as I have told you on numerous occasions, is an example of

irresponsible sensationalism which will reflect adversely upon the company's image. Once again, I urge you to withdraw this program from the schedule.

JUNE 14, 1977: Memo from Marquis Townshend to Aubrey Buxton...

I can no longer agree with you over the remarkable brain drain investigation which has been mounted by Benson and his team. I grant that it is controversial and even frightening. It will also cause embarrassment in high places. However, I have assessed the evidence which is now in the program—the product, I might add, of diligent research and impressive dedication—and I feel it would be a professional failure were we to suppress what appears to be the unpalatable truth. Since we last spoke I have had the opportunity to study Brinton's interview with Dr. Lovell. Lovell is a man for whom I have the greatest respect and no one of his stature would lend his name to anything which, in your words, reeked of "irresponsible sensationalism." There have been times, as you know, when I have been perturbed by the unexpected directions in which this investigation has moved. I have rescinded my reservations and Benson has my unqualified support.

JUNE 15, 1977: Memo from Aubrey Buxton to Mr. John Woolf, Executive Producer...

You are already aware of my misgivings in relation to the Science Report program, scheduled for network transmission on JUNE 20, in which it is suggested that there is an international conspiracy to transport intellectuals and others to another planet. I have made my opinions known on many occasions and I commend your attention, in particular, to the minutes of the Senior Executives' Meeting held on APRIL 8. I warned then against what I recognized now as a policy of expensive folly.

I am taking the unusual step of enclosing herewith copies of all correspondence between the Chairman and myself on the subject for I feel that, in view of the damage this production could do to the reputation of the company, this is a matter in which you might see fit to intervene. I cannot urge too strongly that under no circumstances should this program be screened.

JUNE 15, 1977: Memo from John Woolf to Marquis Townshend...

See the attached note which reached me by hand today from Mr. Buxton. It is not my practice to become entangled in differences of opinion between my Chairman and any of his subordinates, particularly when I am approached in what I consider to be an underhanded manner, with no copy of the note having apparently been sent to you. Nor did I intend to intervene on this aspect of program-policy which I consider to be entirely your territory.

Townshend reread the memos. "Cheeky bastard!" he said. He dialed Buxton. "Buxton, be in my office in two minutes!"

Katie Glass took the call in the Science Report office. "No, Colin's popped out for a coffee. Who's this calling, please?"

"I must speak to him," said Wendy. "It's urgent."

"Can I take a message?" Wendy wanted to get rid of the box. Every wasted minute, she felt, put her in greater danger. "Could you find him? It is desperately important."

"I'll see if I can catch him in the canteen. Can I give him a name?"

"Tell him it's the girl who was with Harry," said Wendy. "Tell him I've got Harry's package."

“Hold on.”

“I’m in a pay-box and I’m out of change.”

“Give me the number of the box and hang up,” said Katie.

Wendy waited with her back to the door of the booth. She was unaware of the man until he jerked the door open.

“You plan on spending the day in here?”

“I won’t be more than a minute; I’m waiting for a call.”

He grabbed her arm, started to pull her. “Well, I’m waiting to make one, so come on out.”

“This won’t take long, *really*.”

“Lady, this is a public box and I’m not hanging around all day while—” The phone rang.

Wendy snatched the receiver, heard Weston’s voice. “Yes, it’s Wendy. I was the girl with Harry,” she said. “I must meet you. Harry had something he wanted to give you and now I’ve got it, but I’ve got to be careful.”

They met an hour later at the spot where Weston had first seen Harry Rosa—at the Boer War Memorial. “*They* might be looking for you?” asked Weston. “Who are *they*?”

Wendy shrugged, “Who knows?” She handed Weston the box. “That’s what Harry wanted you to have; he said it was related to the Ballantine tape. Does that make sense?”

“No,” said Weston. “Wait here. I’ll have a look inside the box.” He hurried to the Norwich Castle Visitor’s Center, locked himself in a bathroom cubicle and opened the box. It contained a square printed circuit. He rejoined Wendy.

“I have to go,” said Weston. “See what sort of tune we can get out of this.”

“You don’t need me anymore?”

“Where will you be?”

“Not sure. Not in the UK.”

Weston tapped the box. “Do you want to know how this ends up?”

“I’ll contact you,” she said. She hurried across the street, and like Rosa, disappeared down Castle Meadow.

A few hours later, in the darkness of the Anglia Television preview theater, Benson and Weston watched in amazement as pictures from the decoded Ballantine tape spilled across the screen. “I don’t believe it!” exclaimed Benson. “Good God, I simply don’t believe it!”
(APPENDIX G)

SECTION TWELVE

EVERY seat in the preview theater was filled. All members of the Science Report team had been summoned to see what Benson and Weston had been watching. Marquis Townshend was also there, sitting next to Benson, and so were many other executives. Benson's eyes were sparkling with excitement when the houselights came up. "Well, George?" he asked. "What do you think?"

Townshend frowned and nibbled at his bottom lip, baffled and reluctant to commit himself. "What *can* I think?" he countered. "If what we've seen is authentic—if it isn't an elaborate hoax—then the human race has been conned and we've got the most incredible television scoop ever. But it can't possibly be true!"

"But it fits, doesn't it?" persisted Benson. "It fits with everything else we've got..."

“Have you checked with Jodrell Bank—with people who worked with Ballantine?”

“Yes; we’ve spoken extensively with Lovell.”

“And put the thing to NASA. If we used it in the program and it turned out to be a fraud, there would be blow-back. I give you fair warning, John, I’m not prepared to carry the can.”

“But NASA is certain to deny it,” protested Benson.

“Let me know when you’ve spoken to them.”
Townshend got up, left the theater.

The NASA official, who refused to give his name, took a very different attitude. “I’ve heard some freaky notions in my time but this one caps the lot. You better face it, son, someone’s pulling your leg.”

“Then you are stating categorically that the tape is fraudulent?”

“How could it be anything else? That must be the most stupid question I’ve heard this year.”

“The information on it is inaccurate?”

“Why don’t you do me a favor: *quit while you’re ahead.*”

“I’m taping this conversation. Will you go on record and state, categorically, that the information conveyed on the tape is fraudulent?”

“I’m sorry. I’ve wasted enough time on this; there’s absolutely nothing more to say.”

Weston was left with a dial-tone. “Blast!” said Weston. He was tempted to dial again. All the official spokesmen had been briefed, asked to stay mum—to laugh the idea off the stage. It was a charade. Weston felt, more strongly than ever, that the tape was genuine,

but proving it—that was another matter. No sooner did he return the phone to its cradle than it rang; it was Lovell.

“Ballantine *did* meet a ‘Harry Rosa’ at NASA. I’ve wrestled his diary from Lady Ballantine. He made a couple of hurried scratches regarding the ‘Harry’ in question:

- *Harry promised help but is frightened...*
- *Destroy tape...*

“What are we to make of that?” asked Lovell.

“Was there anything else?”

“Nothing relevant,” replied Lovell.

“The tapes you use at Jodrell Bank—is there anything distinctive about them?”

“In what sense?”

“Could you, by studying this tape, establish if it belonged to Jodrell Bank?”

“No, but I might be able to ascertain that it *didn’t* belong to us.”

“And that would support the tape’s authenticity.”

“Sure it would, to a degree.”

“Would you be willing to come to Norwich?”

“I’ll leave immediately,” he said. “I’m anxious to see what is on the tape.”

Weston met Lovell at reception and took him to the preview theater where Benson was waiting. They sat in silence, watching and listening. “Incredible!” exclaimed Lovell.

“You think that originated at Jodrell Bank?” asked Benson.

“Let me examine the tape,” said Lovell. Benson led the way to the projection box and Lovell produced an eye-glass through which he minutely studied the tape. They waited while he inspected each frame. Then he closely scrutinized the header and leader sections.

“Well?” asked Benson. “What do you think?”

“There are no Jodrell Signatures,” said Lovell. “This is the genuine article.”

They hurried him to Townshend’s office where he repeated his belief and the reasons for it. “Give me just one minute,” said Townshend. “I’d like to have the Executive Producer in on this one.” He dialed Woolf’s internal number, explained the situation, and replaced the receiver. “He’s joining us,” he said.

Woolf listened while Lovell spoke. “Fascinating,” he said. “And this diary—may we see it?”

Lovell nodded. “It’s in my car.”

“Well, George,” said Woolf. “You’re Chairman.”

“Yes, but this is different,” protested Townshend. “I want your help. If we make a misstep there’s going to be a stink.”

“You want me to share the blame.”

“No—”

“George, are you keen on using the tape?”

“In light of Dr. Lovell’s testimony, I’m all for it.”

“Fine,” said Woolf. “I’m with you all the way.”

The Ballantine tape was the most astounding feature of the now notorious investigative report known as *Alternative 3*. It was authentic, but as Townshend had feared, it *did* inspire blow-back. Tim Brinton introduced it and all that could be seen at first was a haze of colors

and uncertain shapes. There was a whirling blur of confusion—multi-colored dust dervishes glimpsed crazily through a tumbling kaleidoscope... Then the picture resolved and the camera skimmed low over a barren landscape. No vegetation, no suggestion of life—mile after mile of red desolation. One could hear static, then men cheering, and finally American voices from the Mission Control:

FIRST VOICE: Okay, try to scan.

SECOND VOICE: Scanning now.

FIRST VOICE: The readings... Where are the readings?

At that moment, superimposed over the image of the alien landscape, beneath a timestamp which read 13:59:59 UTC, viewers saw the computer-printed word “TEMPERATURE.” And, almost instantaneously, that word was duplicated in Russian: “ТЕМПЕРАТУРА.” Then there was an outburst of Russian voices—excited, jubilant. And then, once again, the second American voice came through with great clarity: “Wait for it. Wait for it. Come on, baby, don’t fail us now, not after all this way!” Computer data appeared alongside the words on the screen. The temperature, they showed, was four degrees Centigrade. More printed words: “WIND VELOCITY,” in English and then in Russian: “СКОРОСТЬ.” And the first American voice was shouting triumphantly: “It’s okay! It’s good, it’s good.” A Russian voice, equally ecstatic, carried the same message. Then the computer readout delivered the most vital information of all—in English and Russian—about the atmosphere of the “new territory.” The words and letters were appearing with agonizing slowness. There was silence, and then there arrived whoops of joy. The first American voice could be heard shouting over the din: “On the nose! Hallelujah! We got air, boys. We’re home! Jesus, we’ve done it. We got air! His yells of

excitement, and similar ones from his Russian counterpart, were drowned by the crescendo of cheering, and during a lull in that cheering the second American voice could be heard saying: "That's it! We got it. We got it! Boy, if they ever take the wraps off this thing, it's going to be the biggest date in history: FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1960. We're on the planet Mars—and *we have air!*"

That was it—the end of the Ballantine tape. Millions of viewers wondered if they had misheard: Man on Mars in 1960! No, that was not possible. Tim Brinton, his face somber, assured them that it was more than possible. Here, from a transcript of the program, are his actual words:

We believe that to be an authentic record of the first—and secret—landing on Mars by an unmanned space probe from Earth. We also believe the date given—FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1960—to be accurate. Clearly, the blanket of security by which this information has been covered could have been maintained only through the active participation of governments at a very high level. Clearly, there must have been some powerful reason why the true conditions on Mars, suitable as they appear to be for human habitation, have been kept secret. Indeed, the effort which has gone into persuading the world-at-large that the opposite is true argues that some operation of supreme importance has been going on beneath this veil of security. We believe that operation to be Alternative 3. Whether a human survival colony has been established on Mars, or whether preparations are still in hand for its transportation from the Moon to Mars, we do not know. But we offer this program tonight as a challenge to those who do know the truth.

He paused after spelling out that challenge, one hand resting on a model of the Earth and one shaking hand on a model of Mars. Benson watched, proud. He knew that

the company had taken a calculated risk with this program; that what had been revealed would be emphatically denied; that there could be ugly repercussions for Buxton and Townshend—and especially Brinton, the episode's personality. He was the anchorman, the man who—as far as the public was concerned—was at the center of the entire investigation. He was well-known and well-respected and that, from the official viewpoint, made him doubly vulnerable. It would be remarkable if attempts were not made to discredit him; to prove that, far from being a responsible commentator, he had been party to an ill-conceived hoax. At no time, however, had he considered opting out. He believed in the truth, he presented it professionally, and this particular truth was far too important to be suppressed. He concluded with these words:

We regret if the implications of what you have seen are less than optimistic for the future of life on this planet. It has been our task, however, merely to bring you the facts as we understand them, and to await the response.

The response started before he finished speaking: Switchboards at newspaper offices and regional television stations were flooded with calls from frightened people; from people desperate for reassurance. Those people got their reassurance: Buxton issued a denial. *But that denial was a lie.*

SECTION THIRTEEN

HERE is nothing new, of course, in the concept of men using the moon as a launch-pad for new life on Mars. H.G. Wells, who correctly anticipated many technical triumphs perceived as ludicrous by his peers, in his classic *The First Men in the Moon*, wrote the following:

“It isn’t as though we were confined to the Moon.”

“You mean?”

“There’s Mars—clear atmosphere, novel surroundings, exhilarating sense of lightness. It might be pleasant to go there.”

“Is there air on Mars?”

“Oh, yes!”

“Seems as though you might run it as a sanatorium...”

Wells, once again, has been proved right. A number of leading journalists, honoring Wells' prophecies, did not embrace the Buxton denial. They were puzzled by it, for it had the ring of inauthenticity. Alan Coren, in *The Times* of JUNE 21, throws doubts on the validity of the Buxton statement:

The seeming preposterousness of the story, on the other hand, was totally acceptable. The preposterousness of the times has seen to that. Why should the madness of the NASA program not be linked to the madness of Watergate, to create a NASA-gate in which life is discovered on Mars, but the information is suppressed for governmental ends?

James Murray of *The Daily Express* is another level-headed and highly-experienced writer who does not readily accept the obvious. And so on the front page of his own newspaper, he courageously stuck to his assessment of Brinton, Weston and the others:

They plausibly linked natural phenomena and real events in space to come to the inevitable conclusion that there was a monumental international conspiracy to save the best human minds by establishing a new colony on Mars—so all these scientists and intellectuals slipping abroad were really being shipped to Mars on rockets via the dark side of the moon.

Murray, in other words, recognized the truth even though he did not have the facts to substantiate that truth. Men like Coren and Murray worried Buxton. They perpetuated the doubts and suspicions he had tried to smother, and he was frightened that they might start digging deeper; that they might be able to present the full truth, which is the chief objective of the 33rd Anniversary Edition of *Alternative 3*. Other men, for other reasons, were disturbed by the realization that the *Alternative 3* sensation was not swiftly buried. They were particularly unhappy about Philip Purser's Sunday

Telegraph suggestion that the investigation might have been a “fiendish double-bluff inspired by the very agencies identified in the program,” which, we concede, is partly true.

Many Members of Parliament, not privy to the facts about Alternative 3, have since claimed that they suspected the truth. Nevertheless, they had the task of coping with much of the terror which spread so swiftly after the broadcast. Most people, as we have said, were eager to believe Buxton’s denial, but an appreciable minority intuited the full significance of what had been revealed. These were people, in the main, who had already been cognizant of the sort of people behind the 1968 Condon Report (Scientific Study of Unidentified Flying Objects). There were those who remembered what the Evening Standard had said about the \$500,000 commission:

It is losing some of its outstanding members under circumstances which are mysterious. Rumors are circulating—at least four key people have vanished from the Condon team without offering a satisfactory reason for their departure. The complete story behind the strange events in Colorado is hard to decipher.

The validity of the suspicions in that Evening Standard article suddenly seemed to be confirmed by other statements later made public—quite apart from President Carter’s remarkable about-face on the subject of flying saucers. Andrew Shonfield: *“At the very highest levels of East-West diplomacy there has been operating a factor of which we know nothing...”* Would a man of Shonfield’s caliber make a statement of that nature? Apollo veteran Hank McDermott: *“The later Apollo Missions were smoke-screens—to cover up what’s really going on out there, and the bastards didn’t tell us—not a damned thing!”* Why, if there was nothing to hide, did he make such a statement?

APOLLO 17

HADLEY RILLE

26°7'55.99" N 3°38'1.90" E

JULY 30, 1971 22:16:29 UTC

SCOTT: Arrowhead really runs east to west.

MISSION CONTROL: Roger, we copy.

IRWIN: Right, we're (garble)... ...we know that's a fairly good run. We're bearing 320; hitting range for 413. I can't get over those lineation(s)—that layering on Mount Hadley.

SCOTT: I can't either. That's really spectacular.

IRWIN: They sure look beautiful.

SCOTT: Talk about organization!

IRWIN: That's the most organized structure I've ever seen!

SCOTT: It's (garble)... ...so uniform in width.

IRWIN: Nothing we've seen before has shown such uniform thickness from the top of the tracks to the bottom.

MPs WEIGH-IN...

Michael Harrington-Brice:

"I was put in an impossible position. For weeks after that program went out I was getting depositions at the House, demanding that the government author a formal denial. I supported that demand; it would have helped alleviate the anxieties of my constituents. However, it

was not possible to pin down anyone in authority. I tried to put down questions about Alternative 3 but they were invariably blocked—and odder still, the House record of my inquiries has been struck. I tried to raise the matter privately with Ministers but was invariably told that Alternative 3 was a subject that they were not at liberty to discuss.

“I soon formed the impression that something unusual was happening behind the scenes; that we in Britain were on the periphery of some secret venture choreographed by an unseen hand. Nothing specific was said, you understand, but hints were dropped. It was hinted that I had overstepped my bounds.”

According to his secretary, MP Bruce Kinslade was also making inquiries into the facts presented in the *Alternative 3* investigative report of JUNE 20. On WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, Mr. Kinslade was struck by a lorry near his home in Kensington. VERDICT: “Accidental death.”

JULY 26, 1977, *The Times*:

A frightening picture of the accelerating world population is given in the 1977 World Population Report, published this week by Population Concern. The report points out that half the fuel ever used by man has been consumed in the past 50 years. The world's population is now more than 4,000 million and increasing by 200,000 every day (07-01-2010: 6,830,586,985).

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1977: Dr. Gerard K. O'Neill was interviewed by British Aerospace Correspondent Angus Macpherson. Macpherson, respected as one of the world's most authoritative science-fact specialists, wrote:

Flying to London today is another scientist who is perfectly serious about his prediction of what faces the human race as we approach the start of the 21st century, but American physicist Dr. Gerard O'Neill holds out the promise of a totally different future—a brave new world in space. The choice, as he sees it, is between George Orwell's 1984 and Arthur Clarke's 2001. "Tell humanity there's no hope and everyone applauds you. But tell them there is a way out and they get furious," say Dr. O'Neill, who has worked for seven years on a mind-stretching scheme for the emigration of most of us into artificial colonies in outer space. He has been brusquely dismissed as a peddler of nonsense by Jacques Cousteau, whom he admires, and there was hurt as well as humor on the lean face under its trendy Roman fringe as he told me: "Jacques is terribly worried about the pollution of the ocean and the destruction of its life. He thinks we ought to be doing more about it; so do I. Environmentalists are really very negative; they're so obsessed with Earth's problems they don't want to hear about answers." O'Neill's own answers are that we not only can colonize the solar system, but must, if human life a few generations from now is to remain civilized.

O'Neill is coming to London to present his prediction of space colonization to the British Interplanetary Society. The BIS is a legendary forum for glimpses into the future. Its members have seen a Moon-landing ship unveiled, looking eerily like the Apollo LEM, but some thirty years before it. And they were the first to hear Arthur Clarke outline a visionary scheme for a global chain of communication satellites. This could be a similar bit of history-making. For most of the generation that gaped at the first Moon landings it has become a madly expensive confidence trick—a game of golf on a useless rock pile that only two could play and that cost 500 pounds a second. All this is desperately myopic, declares O'Neill, for the denizens of a planet

whose 4 billion inhabitants face the prospect of being two to three times as crowded by the early years of the next century.

"In fact, we found in space precisely the things we are most in need of—unlimited solar energy, rocks containing high concentrations of metals and, above all, room for man to continue his growth and expansion. A static society, which is what Earth would have to become, would need to regulate not only the bodies but the minds of its people. I refuse to believe that man has come to the end of change and experiment and I want to preserve his freedom to live in different ways. I see no hope of saving it if we remain imprisoned on the Earth."

Macpherson pointed out that O'Neill is "consulted respectfully—if a shade warily—by Government Officials, Senate Committees and State Governors." The article indicated that O'Neill was not aware—and possibly is still not aware—that the future envisioned by *Alternative 3* had already arrived. Macpherson wrote:

His colonies are planned as vast cylindrical metal islands drifting in orbit, holding inside a natural atmosphere, trees, grass, rivers and animals—a capsule of a warm Earthlike environment. He sees them reaching half the size of Switzerland and housing 20 to 30 million people, sustained by the inexhaustible energy of space sunshine. Yet their construction, he insists, would require only off-the-shelf materials.

The article finished with these thoughts:

For most people of the pre-space generation, the moment when the magic finally went out of the adventure came a year ago when the dream of life on Mars was dispelled by the Viking spacecraft, but for O'Neill, that was another plus for space: "The best thing we could have found was nobody there. The colonization of the new frontier can take place without repeating the

shaming history of the Indian nation—or even the bison. Perhaps nobody’s there, anywhere, after all. Perhaps there isn’t a Daddy to show us how to do things. It’s a bit frightening, but it gives us a lot of scope.”

MEMORIAL RESOLUTION

HOWARD STANLEY SEIFERT

1911 – 1977

HOWARD Stanley Seifert, Emeritus Professor of Aeronautics and Astronautics, died of cancer on AUGUST 24, 1977, at his home on the campus. He was 66 years old and had served on the Stanford faculty for a period of 16 years before retiring in 1976. Professor Seifert was internationally known as a leader in the relatively new field of rocket propulsion, and his special contribution at Stanford was to develop a strong curriculum in this field, along with special research programs in related areas of space studies and astronautics.

Professor Seifert was born in Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania, and pursued studies leading to Bachelor's and Master's degrees in the physics department at Carnegie Institute of Technology. He transferred to the California Institute of Technology to complete his Ph.D. in physics. His early postdoctoral experience included a position as Associate Professor of Physics at Kalamazoo College in Michigan for a period of two years, from which he went to the Westinghouse Corporation as a research physicist for another two years. During that period of time his major research interests included infrared and x-ray spectroscopy and development problems of gaseous discharge tubes. To supplement a relatively low salary at Westinghouse, he periodically brought forth patent

disclosures each of which rewarded him with an extra \$25—an indication of his creative mind.

In 1942, Professor Seifert joined the Jet Propulsion Laboratory at the California Institute of Technology and entered the field of rocket propulsion that was to become his specialty. During his 12 years at JPL, he rose to Chief of the Applied Physics Division and made important contributions to the basic science and technology of liquid-rocket propulsion. During World War II Seifert was a member of a small group working with Professor Theodore von Karman, that was chiefly responsible for the early advances in the field of rocketry in this country. This group provided the technical expertise for the earliest application of jet propulsion to American aircraft systems, namely the use of JATO (Jet Assisted Take Off) for launching aircraft. In 1954 Seifert left JPL to join the Ramo-Wooldridge Corporation (now Space Technology Laboratories) and spent five years there working on advanced propulsion and space systems. He came to Stanford in 1960 to accept a position as Professor in the Department of Aeronautics and Astronautics, alone, with a management consulting position at the then newly-formed Sunnyvale Research Laboratory of the United Technology Center. His active and imaginative service as the mainspring of the department's teaching and research program in propulsion and related space science is a matter of record. In particular, he introduced into the Stanford curriculum the concepts of advanced propulsion, including electric propulsion in its several forms. He always enjoyed working with students, and they invariably appreciated his interest in their progress and in themselves as individuals and as friends.

Professor Seifert published over 40 papers on rocket propulsion, heat transfer, and applied physics. He edited the important reference work *Space Technology* (Wiley);

and was a consulting editor for the McGraw-Hill series in Missile and Space Technology. In 1965 he was elected to the International Academy of Astronautics and he served also as President of the American Rocket Society and Vice-President of the International Astronautics Federation. He received the Rocket Society's Pendray Award for his contributions to the astronautical literature, and in 1976 received the Wyld Propulsion Award from the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics "for your leadership in the field of rocket propulsion over the past three decades, and your extensive contributions to the technical literature in propulsion and space systems." Seifert was also a Fellow of the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics.

Professor Seifert's more recent interests included the fields of robotics and energy. He served as principal investigator on a program called "Lunar Pogo Transporter Project," a highly original proposal for energy-efficient transport on the lunar surface by hopping instead of rolling. He was also an organizer of the first national conference on remotely manned systems held in 1972, as well as an editor of a survey film on "Remotely Operated Teleoperator Robot Systems." His interests in solar energy led to his course entitled Conversion of the Sun's Radiation for Man's Use. More recently he had been a consultant to the government of Saudi Arabia on the development of a solar and wind energy research laboratory. Communicating scientific information to the non-specialist was always a special interest of Howard's. While still at Westinghouse he and his wife Mary wrote radio scripts for a program called "Adventures in Research." They also collaborated on over 80 articles on popular science for young people. More recently they coauthored a widely distributed book called *Orbital Space Flight* (Holt Library of Science), dealing with the physics of satellite motion. Mary and

Howard were a working team, and their relationship prospered because of it.

Music played an important role in Howard Seifert's life. He was an accomplished cellist and played regularly with local friends in string quartets and other chamber music groups. Among them was a group which included Professors Daniel Bershader and Milton Van Dyke, and which served as the resident chamber-music group of the Department of Aeronautics and Astronautics. He combined his musical interests with an interest in the life of the Lutheran Community on the Stanford campus by his special efforts in helping to acquire and install an organ for the University Lutheran Church.

Howard and Mary had two daughters and one son, all of whom are married and pursuing their own busy lives. Howard himself was active in both curricular and extracurricular pursuits until his final illness. We shall miss him as a stimulating colleague, fellow music lover, and as a human being who helped enrich our lives.

—Daniel Bershader, I-Dee Chang & Walter Vincenti

THE SPHINX AND THE SPY

THE CLANDESTINE WORLD OF JOHN MULHOLLAND

BY

MICHAEL EDWARDS

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A T mid-century *The Sphinx* stood as America's oldest and most prestigious magic magazine. Over its five-decade history, it had become part of the lifeblood of the conjuring world. Then, on June 29, 1953, John Mulholland wrote a letter to journal's subscribers. "This is to inform you that as of June 1, 1953, the publication of *The Sphinx* has been suspended. The immediate cause is that my health does not permit me to do the necessary work. My Doctor orders me to confine my efforts at this time to the shows by which I earn my living." [1]

It was true that Mulholland's health was not good. An inveterate smoker, he suffered from ulcers, stomach disorders and arthritis. Editing *The Sphinx* for twenty-three years had taken a physical and financial toll. But rather than limiting his activities to his live performances, Mulholland had actually embarked on a new endeavor...an endeavor far more secretive than anything in the realm of conjuring. He had entered a world of covert operations, espionage, mind control,

drugs, and even death. John Mulholland had gone to work for the CIA.

At the time, John Mulholland was one of America's most highly regarded magicians. An outstanding stage as well as close-up performer, he had become a noted author, lecturer, historian, collector, editor, and world traveler. In many ways, he had helped make magic intellectually respectable.

Mulholland was born in Chicago, Illinois, on June 9, 1898. As a five-year old, he sat enthralled by a performance of Harry Kellar's. It would begin a lifelong love of conjuring. His family moved to New York when he was quite young and it was there that he began to learn the techniques of the craft. At age 13 Mulholland began taking magic lessons from John William Sargent at \$5 an hour. Known as "The Merry Wizard," the gray-haired, goateed Sargent had been President of the Society of American Magicians in 1905-6 and would later serve as Harry Houdini's secretary from 1918 until 1920. He was a true mentor to young Mulholland and instilled in him not only an appreciation of the art of magic but of its theory, history, and literature.

Mulholland learned his lessons well. He made his debut as a performer when he was 15. While he would be later regarded as one of magic's great scholars, his academic achievements were somewhat limited. He took a number of courses at both Columbia University and at New York's City College, but did not attain a degree. From 1918 to 1924, he taught industrial arts at the Horace Mann School in New York. He sold books for a while and then taught at Columbia University before embarking on a career as a full time professional magician.

Over the years, Mulholland developed an enormous range of presentations. He was equally at home performing close-up magic, entertaining a society dinner, or working the mammoth stage at Radio City Music Hall. In 1927 Mulholland gave a lecture in Boston about the magicians of the world, illustrating each vignette with a trick from that nation. It added a new genre for him and for the profession: the magician as lecturer.

After the death of Dr. A. M. Wilson in April of 1930, he took over editorship of *The Sphinx*. For the next 23 years he would oversee magic's most influential periodical. He was a prolific writer. Aside from the vast number of articles he penned, he authored such books as *Magic in the Making* (with Milton M. Smith in 1925), *Quicker than the Eye* (1932), *The Magic and Magicians of the World* (1932), *The Story of Magic* (1935), *Beware Familiar Spirits* (1938), *The Art of Illusion*, (1944) reprinted as *Magic for Entertaining*, *The Early Magic Shows* (1945), *John Mulholland's Book of Magic* (1963), *Magic of the World* (1965) and *The Magical Mind -- Key to Successful Communication* (with George Gordon in 1967). He had also co-wrote a 1939 magic-detective novel, *The Girl in the Cage*, with Cortland Fitzsimmons.

Over the years, he amassed one of the world's finest collections of magic books and memorabilia. His library housed some 4,000 volumes related to conjuring.

His knowledge of tricks seemed inexhaustible, as was his familiarity with the performance, theory, psychology, history, and literature of magic. He served as the consultant on conjuring to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and the Merriam-Webster dictionary and at one time was the only magician listed in *Who's Who in America*.

As America entered the 1950's, the world around John Mulholland was changing. The Cold War was at its height. US foreign policy had gone from trust to terror. In June of 1950, over one hundred thousand soldiers from Communist North Korea crossed the thirty-eighth parallel, invading the republic to the South. The previous year, Soviet Union had detonated its first atomic bomb. The stakes had become enormous. The consequences of military confrontation could well be global thermonuclear war.

American policy-makers decided that other means – covert means — would have to be instituted to stop the expansion of communism. As a secret study commission under former President Hoover put it:

“It is now clear we are facing an implacable enemy whose avowed objective is world domination by whatever means and at whatever cost. There are no rules in such a game. Hitherto acceptable longstanding concepts of ‘fair play’ must be reconsidered. We must develop effective espionage and counterespionage services and must learn to subvert, sabotage, and destroy our enemies by more clever, sophisticated, and effective methods than those used against us.”

The vehicle for this effort was the Central Intelligence Agency.

Within the Agency, there was a concern – almost a panic – that the Russians had developed a frightening new weapon: a drug or technology for controlling men's minds. A new term had entered the lexicon: “brainwashing.” At show trials in Eastern Europe, dazed defendants had admitted to crimes they hadn't committed. American prisoners of war, paraded before the press by their North Korean captors, “confessed” in Zombie-like fashion that the US was using chemical and biological warfare against them. When George Kennan, the US Ambassador to the Soviet Union, made some

inexplicably undiplomatic remarks at a press conference and was declared *persona non grata* by the Kremlin, American intelligence officials wondered if he had been hypnotized or drugged.

The CIA leadership feared a “mind control gap.”

THE SEARCH FOR A MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE

In early April of 1953, Director of Central Intelligence Allen Dulles outlined to a Princeton audience the urgency of the situation. Describing “how sinister the battle for men’s minds has become in Soviet hands,” Dulles revealed that the Russians had developed “brain perversion techniques” which must be countered at any price.

The CIA had already begun crafting this counter. On April 3, 1953 Richard Helms, the Agency’s Acting Deputy Director, had proposed an “ULTRA-sensitive” program of research and development in clandestine chemical and biological warfare.

The goal, Helms wrote, was “to develop a capability in the covert use of biological and chemical materials. This area includes the production of various physiological conditions which could support present or future clandestine operations. Aside from the offensive potential, the development of a comprehensive capability in this field of covert chemical and biological warfare gives us a thorough knowledge of the enemies theoretical potential, thus enabling us to defend ourselves against a foe who might not be as restrained in the use of these techniques as we are. For example: we intend to investigate the development of a chemical material which causes a reversible non-toxic aberrant mental state, the specific nature of which can be reasonably well predicted for each individual. This material could potentially aid in discrediting individuals, eliciting

information, implanting suggestion and other forms of mental control.” [2]

The “offensive potential” was unstated, but the aim was clear: to create what later would be known as a “Manchurian Candidate.” The term would come from the title of Richard Condon’s 1959 best seller about a plot to take an American soldier captured in Korea, condition him at a special brainwashing center in Manchuria, and create a remote-controlled assassin programmed to kill the President of the United States. Condon’s book was fiction; the Helm’s plan was not.

In fact, the CIA had already begun exploring the use of chemicals to influence thought and action as well as to incapacitate and even kill. Of particular interest to the Agency was the potential the hallucinogen LSD had in this arena.

Discovered by Dr. Albert Hoffman on April 16, 1943, d-lysergic acid diethylamide -- or LSD as it would become known -- seemed to be a drug custom-made for the intelligence community. Its intense potency in even miniscule amounts would make it easy to administer covertly. The sense of euphoria and hallucinations that accompanied it might well lead those under interrogation to drop their guard and inhibitions, enabling a free flow of information. Some believed the chemical might even be used to alter the state of a persons being -- to convert an enemy agent, to dishearten idealistic adversaries, to reprogram a person's memory or thoughts, to get an individual to do something he or she otherwise would never do.

The proposed CIA work on drugs and mind manipulation was to remain one of the Agency’s deepest secrets. “Even internally in the CIA, as few individuals as possible should be aware of our interest in these fields and of the identity of those who are working for us.” [3]

On April 13, 1953 Allen Dulles approved the project. The program was to be known as “Project MKULTRA. [4] The “ULTRA” hearkened back to the most closely guarded American-British secret of the Second World War: the breaking of Germany’s military codes. The “M-K” identified the initiative as a CIA Technical Services Staff (TSS) project. This was the division within the Agency responsible for such things as weapons, forgeries, disguises, surveillance equipment and the kindred tools of the espionage trade. Within the TSS, MKULTRA was assigned to the Chemical Division (TSS/CD), a component with functions few others – even within the Technical Services Staff – knew about. This unit was headed by Sidney Gottlieb, then a 34-year old Bronx native with a Ph.D. in chemistry from the California Institute of Technology. A brilliant biochemist, Gottlieb was a remarkable, albeit eccentric, man. A socialist in his youth and a Buddhist as an adult, he was on a constant search for meaning in his life. He found some of it in an unrelenting passion for his clandestine labors. He did not appear to be the least bit troubled by the moral ambiguities of intelligence work. He would do virtually anything if he believed it to be in the American interest. Overcoming a pronounced stutter and a clubfoot to rise through the ranks of the CIA, he would later describe himself as the Agency’s “Dr. Strangelove.” Others were less kind. Alexander Cockburn and Jeffrey St. Clair termed him America’s “official poisoner.” [5]

The very same day that Allen Dulles approved Project MKULTRA, Sidney Gottlieb went to see John Mulholland.

Gottlieb knew how to mix the potions. The question was how to deliver them secretly.

Mulholland agreed to help.

A MAGICIAN AMONG THE SPIES

Gottlieb wanted Mulholland to teach intelligence operatives how to use the tools of the magician's trade – sleight of hand and misdirection – to covertly administer drugs, chemicals and biological agents to unsuspecting victims.

Why Mulholland decided to do this is a matter of some conjecture. The world was a far different and more dangerous place in the early months of 1953 than it is today. The war raged in Korea. The bloody battles of Pork Chop Hill, Eerie and Old Baldy were headline news. Some 50,000 American servicemen had already lost their lives in the conflict and more than 7,000 were prisoners of war. Stalin's death in March raised tremendous concern about stability in the Kremlin. In the United States, Senator Joseph McCarthy's anti-Communist crusade was raging. The prevailing mood was one fear, perhaps even paranoia.

"John did not have a political agenda," says George Gordon, a close friend with whom Mulholland would later write *The Magical Mind*. "He said 'yes' because his government asked him to."

Mulholland had an enormous sense of public duty. He took great pride in his contributions, however small. That a special edition of his book *The Art of Illusion* had been printed in a format so that its 160 page text could fit into the shirtpockets of World War II servicemen gave him great satisfaction.

He was very aware of the role other magicians had played in aiding their countries in times of trouble. He had written and lectured about Robert-Houdin's 1856 mission on behalf of Napoleon III to help quell the Mirabout-led uprising in Algeria. And he was very familiar with the camouflage work Jasper Maskelyne had done for the British government during the Second World War.

Furthermore, the leaders of America's intelligence community were the kind of men Mulholland could easily like and admire. General William "Wild Bill" Donovan, the founder of the Office of Strategic Services, America's World war II spy agency liked to hire Wall Street lawyers and Ivy League academics to commit espionage. He filled the secret service with confident, intelligent, often daring young men from leading eastern colleges. By the time the CIA was established in 1947, these were the people who ran America's covert operations. Within the inner circles of American government, they were regarded as the best and the brightest. They planned and acted to keep the country out of war by their stealth and cunning – two qualities Mulholland long admired.

They were also America's elite. Steward Alsop noted they were called "the Ivy Leaguers, the Socialites, the Establishmentarians." He himself coined an alternative epithet: "the Bold Easterners." The CIA, he said, was "positively riddled with Old Grotonians." [6]

The men heading the CIA effort that Mulholland had been asked to join certainly fit this picture. The Princeton-educated Allen Dulles had been associated with the prestigious Wall Street law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell. His grandfather John W. Foster had been Secretary of State as had been his uncle-by-marriage Robert Lansing. A secret agent in both world wars, Dulles looked like an avuncular professor with his white brush moustache, his tweed suits, and his ever-present pipe. But behind the jovial exterior was a hard and determined leader. His brother John Foster Dulles became Secretary of State on January 31, 1953. Allen took up the CIA post twenty-six days later.

His deputy, Richard Helms, had a different personality but similar roots. His education had included a year at an exclusive Swiss boarding school

and another year in Germany. A Williams graduate, he tried his hand at journalism before joining the OSS. He served with Dulles in Germany and stayed within the intelligence community after the war. This prudent, professional spy – the chief of operations of the clandestine services -- could be seen playing tennis at the Chevy Chase Club on Sunday mornings clad in long white flannel trousers.

It may not be surprising that John Mulholland, who spent much of his career among in New York's fashionable society, would find such men fascinating. As Jean Hugard wrote to Orville Meyer, "I believe in reality Mulholland has an inferiority complex; he doesn't mix with us poor mortals." [7]

If "The Very Best Men" who made up the CIA were to the magician's liking, the converse was also true. John Mulholland was precisely kind of person the Agency wanted and needed. Here was a man with a remarkable knowledge of the art of deception – its tools, its techniques, its psychology. And he knew how to keep a secret. Not only had Mulholland made a living from the execution of these skills, he had gained a reputation as conjuring's most accomplished teacher. By look and demeanor, the magician fit the Agency mold. While his roots were not really Eastern establishment, the tall, slender Mulholland with his prominent nose and thatch of gray hair certainly looked the part. He had entrée to a wide circle of business, governmental, social, academic, and entertainment leaders. A world traveler, he was equally at home on the New York City subway system or entertaining the Sultan of Sulu or the King of Romania.

How and when Mulholland came in first contact with the CIA remains unknown. Evidence suggests that it was in 1952, perhaps earlier. By March of 1953, he was certainly consulting for the Agency and being paid for these "professional services." Inasmuch as he was

billing the government on a biweekly basis, it seems apparent that this was ongoing work with at least some of it related to development of Project MKULTRA. [8]

During their April 13 conversation, Sidney Gottlieb asked Mulholland to put together a proposal for an operations manual applying the magician's art to clandestine activities. Mulholland summed up his suggestions as to what this covert guide would have to contain in a letter that he sent to Gottlieb the following week.

"I have given the subjects we discussed considerable thought," Mulholland wrote. "Below is outlined what I believe is necessary adequately to cover instructions for the workers.

"1.) Supplying...background facts in order that a complete novice in the subject can appreciate the underlying reasons for the procedures suggested. Part of this background would clarify the erroneous opinions commonly held by those who are familiar with (magician's techniques). In this section would be given alternative procedures, or modifications, needed by different types of operators (differences in fact or assumed), as well as changes in procedure needed as situations and circumstances vary. The material is necessary in order for the operator to be able to learn how to do those things which are required...

"2.) Detailed descriptions of covert techniques in all those operations outlined to me and variations of techniques according to whether material is in a solid, liquid or gaseous form. Included would be explanations of (the skills) required and how quickly to master such skills. It is understood that no manipulation will be suggested which requires (actions) not normally used, nor any necessitating long practice. To state this positively: all (covert techniques) described would be adaptations of acts usually performed for other

purposes. Descriptions also would be given of simple mechanical aids, how to make them, and how to carry them about. Where needed, application of the data given in section 1 would be supplied. The time consuming part of writing this section will be in developing the adaptations and modifications of the best existing (methods) to fit new requirements.

“3.) A variety of examples to show in detail how to make use of the (techniques) previously described. These examples would be given with varying situations and the ways to accommodate procedure to meet variations.

“If desired, I am prepared to start work on this project immediately. I believe I can complete the proposed writing in eighteen to twenty weeks. I understand, if I am given this assignment, that you, or your representative, would be willing to check my work at a conference approximately every two weeks.”

Mulholland estimated that the cost for him to do write the manual would be \$3,000. [9]

THE SECRET BOOK OF SECRETS

Gottlieb was very enthusiastic about Mulholland's approach and wanted to move ahead quickly. On May 4, he drafted a Memorandum for the Record spelling out what Mulholland was to do:

1.) The scope of this subproject is the collection, in the form of a concise manual, of as much pertinent information as possible in the fields of (magic as it relates to covert activities). The information collected will be pertinent to the problem of (surreptitiously administering) liquid, solid, or gaseous substances to (unknowing) subjects.

2.) The information will be collected principally from the previous studies made by Mr. Mulholland in connection with various problems he has considered. Mr.

Mulholland seems well qualified to execute this study. He has been a successful (performer) of all forms of prestidigitation. He has made a careful and exhaustive study of the history of prestidigitation and is the possessor of an extensive library of old volumes in this field. He has further seriously studied the psychology of deception and has instructed graduate students...

3.) The period of time covered by this request covers six months from the date of commencement of work by Mr. Mulholland and the costs will not exceed \$3,000."

Mulholland's proposal was approved that same day and \$3,000 was set aside to cover its cost. It would become Project MKULTRA, Subproject 4. [10]

MKULTRA—and its component parts—had already become one of the Agency's most secret operations. Mulholland's work, along with that of others working on the project, was considered "ULTRA sensitive." Consequently, there would be no formal documents that would associate CIA or the Government with the work in question. Instead, the Technical Services Staff was to reach "an understanding with the individuals who will perform the work as to the conditions under which the work will be performed and reimbursement arranged. No standard contract will be signed." [11]

On May 5, Gottlieb, in accordance with this procedure, wrote the magician that "The project outlined in your letter of April 20 has been approved by us, and you are hereby authorized to spend up to \$3,000 in the next six months in the execution of this work." No contract or formal agreement was enclosed or ever signed per CIA policy. However, the letter did include a check for \$150 to cover Mulholland's latest work for the agency (March 18th – April 13th). In terms of when Gottlieb and Mulholland could next meet, the chemist noted "A very crowded schedule of travel makes it necessary for us to delay until June 8th our next visit

with you. An effective alternative to this would be for you to come on May, 13, 14, or 15 to discuss the current status of the work. Is this possible?" [12]

Mulholland wrote Gottlieb back on May 11. "Thank you for the notification that my project has been approved. I understand the stipulations. I am resuming work today." Enclosed was a signed receipt for the check and a notation that Gottlieb's missive had taken longer than expected to reach him. "Due to the fact that your letter was addressed to (a former address), it was delayed in reaching me. That was an apartment from which I moved...years ago. The fact that the letter did reach me shows the cordial relationship I have with my local Post Office. My present address is above." [13] He made no comment on how such an error could occur on such a confidential issue.

Mulholland was keenly aware of the project's sensitivity. Among the stipulations was a commitment to total secrecy. Even the manuscript itself would have to be written in a manner that protected the Agency should it fall into the wrong hands. There would be no references to "agents" or "operatives." Instead, covert workers would be called "performers;" covert actions would simply be labeled "tricks."

Mulholland immediately set about the task of researching and writing the manual. While he continued his performance schedule, he cleared his calendar of other commitments. He stopped giving magic lessons, put off work on other writing assignments, and suspended publication of *The Sphinx*.

Ending *The Sphinx* was a major step for Mulholland and for the magi community. Begun in Chicago in March of 1902 and subsequently housed in Kansas City and finally New York, this staid yet controversial periodical had become the most influential of magic journals. Mulholland had taken over the publication

with Volume 29 Number 3 in May of 1930. [14] It was a source of great joy for him. It was also a tremendous burden. “For 23 years, I have edited *The Sphinx* as a labor of love and without financial reward. Each of these years I have spent a great amount of time, and considerable money, to produce a magazine of service to the professional magician and to the serious student of magic. The magazine has been a professional publication and never has catered to those who look on magic as a sort of game. I realized I could not go on forever and for the past several years I have been searching for some individual, or group, qualified to take over the editing and publication of *The Sphinx* and maintain its standards. I found no such person, or persons, and until such is, or are, found the publication of the magazine will be suspended.

“I wish to express my appreciation to the many loyal readers, and above all to the contributors who made my editorship such a rewarding endeavor. It has been a source of deep personal gratification to know how well *The Sphinx* has been received during the years.” [15] The final issue, the 597th, was Volume 52, #1, dated March 1953.

For the next several months, he worked continuously on the MKULTRA project. [16] He soon found, however, that if it were to meet the CIA’s expectations, his manual would have to be far more than a hypothetical extension of existing magic tricks, principles and methods to covert activities. He was going to have to create real world solutions to real world problems. He and Gottlieb discussed the challenge.

On August 3, Gottlieb set up a new subproject (Subproject 15) in order “to expand the original provisions of subproject 4 to include an allowance for travel for Mr. Mulholland and for operational supplies used in the course of this project.” Mulholland and the

Agency, Gottlieb wrote, needed to meet more frequently in order to consult on the details of the manual and the travel allowance would facilitate Mulholland's coming to Washington for some of these discussions. Furthermore, he noted, "Certain portions of subproject 4 require experimental verification by Mr. Mulholland. The item for operational supplies is intended to provide for the purchase of supplies used to test or verify ideas. The cost estimate for subproject 15 is \$700.00 for a period of six months." [17]

Even with these additional resources, Mulholland found the project a greater challenge than he expected. Getting it right was imperative. The consequences of a magic trick going wrong might be embarrassment or a decline in bookings; a covert operation going bad could cost an agent his or her life. He met with Gottlieb in late summer to discuss the matter. Gottlieb agreed to consider extending the time to meet this need.

On September 18, Gottlieb filed an amendment to the MKULTRA Project Records that noted "The time period for the original proposal by Mr. Mulholland was six months, which would expire about 11 October 1953. The unusual nature of this manual demands that it be a creative project... rather than a mere compilation of already existing knowledge. For this reason the time estimates are difficult to make in advance and it is apparent at this time that the estimate was too short for the adequate preparation of this manual. It is in the best interests of the Agency to extend this time limit and obtain the best possible manual rather than hold Mr. Mulholland to the six-month period. It is requested that the original six month time period be extended an additional six months. There is no change in the original cost estimate or the original agenda." [18]

That same day, Gottlieb wrote to Mulholland: "This is at least a partial answer to the questions you asked the

last time I saw you. According to my records, your initial estimate was six months, which would expire about October 11; I am initiating a six month extension of the original estimate, which should more than take care of the time factor. The original cost was \$3,000.00, of which \$1,500.00 is remaining as of now. [19]

Mulholland devoted his energies to the project and by November his first draft was complete. But neither the magician nor the Agency were completely satisfied with the product. As Mulholland wrote Gottlieb on November 11:

“The manual as it consists of the following five sections:

“1. Underlying bases for the successful performance of tricks and the background of the psychological principles by which they operate.

“2.) Tricks with pills...

“3.) Tricks with loose solids...

“4.) Tricks with liquids...

“5.) Tricks by which small objects may be obtained secretly. This section was not considered in my original outline and was suggested subsequently to me. I was, however, able to add it without necessitating extension of the number of weeks requested for the writing. Another completed task not noted in the outline was making models of such equipment as has been described in the manual.”

“As sections 2, 3, 4, and 5 were written solely for use by men working alone the manual needs two further sections. One section would give modified, or different, tricks and techniques of performance so that the tricks could be performed by women. The other section would describe tricks suitable for two or more people working in collaboration. In both these proposed sections the

tricks would differ considerably from those which have been described.

“I believe that properly to devise the required techniques and devices and to describe them in writing would require 12 working weeks to complete the two sections. However, I cannot now work on this project every week and would hesitate to promise completion prior to the first of May, 1954.” [20]

Mulholland estimated that it would cost \$1800 to finish the project. [21]

Gottlieb, whose goal was an operational guide that would be of use to agents in the real world, shared Mulholland's view that broadening its scope to include collaborative efforts by teams of operatives or by female agents was well worth the delay. On November 17, he authorized Mulholland to draft the two additional chapters and extended the timeline for completion of the book until May. This new work became MKULTRA Subproject 19. [22]

Impressed with Mulholland's range of knowledge and analysis, the CIA was beginning to extend its relationship with the magician beyond just the preparation of the covert operations manual. By now, the Agency was utilizing more and more of his expert advice. His ongoing meetings with the TSS staff accelerated. In December 9, Gottlieb expanded MKULTRA's Subproject 19 to increase the travel and operational supplies available to Mulholland and to provide for even more consultation between the conjuror and CD/TSS. At the same time, he was asked to take on yet another assignment: to work with the Agency “in connection with an investigation of claims in the general field of parapsychology...” [23]

The CIA was fascinated by the idea of mind reading and thought transmittal. If possible, such extrasensory

abilities would be among the most potent weapons in their arsenal. It would revolutionize both the obtaining and the delivery of secret information. At one point, the Agency had been approached by a man claiming to be a “genuine mystic” who had developed a system for sending and receiving telepathic messages anywhere in the world. Mulholland’s task was to evaluate this and other claims of telepathy and clairvoyance.

Mulholland, a hard-nosed skeptic, was right at home investigating the paranormal. He had been lecturing on the topic since 1930, when he began exposing the means and methods of fortunetellers. He soon broadened this to debunk and denounce other forms of occultism. By 1938, he had written a book on the subject, *Beware Familiar Spirits*, which traced the history of modern spiritualism and described its techniques. He had no interest in letting the assertions of “mystics,” clairvoyants and mind readers go unchallenged.

With increasing frequency, someone inside the Agency would want an explanation for something they had seen or heard and Mulholland was asked to explain it. In virtually every case it would turn to have been accomplished through the stagecraft of magic. This would not stop the CIA – or other branches of the United States Government – from spending enormous resources over the next three decades to explore the possibilities of parapsychology and remote viewing.

With this additional work at hand, it was soon evident that Mulholland would not be able to have the manual finished as anticipated. “An extension of time is needed to give Mr. Mulholland more time to complete this task,” Gottlieb wrote. “The original estimated completion date was May 1, 1954. It is noted that the completion date estimate is now extended to November 1, 1954.”[24]

In the spring of 1954, Mulholland found himself facing an unforeseen problem. Much of his income for the previous year had come from the CIA for work that he knew was to be kept absolutely secret...even from other branches of the United States Government. But now it was time for him to prepare his taxes. Mulholland requested instructions from the Agency on how he was to report this income to the Internal Revenue Service and what he should do if he were audited or questioned by the IRS.

An internal CIA memo spelled out the problem: "Mr. Mulholland is a self employed magician whose normal income is derived from payment by various individuals and organizations for individual performances. Although not applying to calendar year 1953, other characteristic sources of income are from publishers of books, etc., and from individuals to whom he has given instructions in magic. When preparing his Federal Income Tax form, income is customarily listed by individual performances, etc., with the person or organization paying for the performance, the location of the performance, the amount received, and the deductions itemized for each performance or each source of funds, rather than for a standard deduction to be taken. As may or may not be characteristic with professional performers, these deductions are often questioned by the Internal Revenue people, and Mr. Mulholland is frequently called on to justify some of his deductions. For this reason, a detailed record book is kept of his income, with a separate page for each performance or source of income."

While acknowledgement of the magician receiving payments from the Agency was not felt to be a breach of security in itself, the CIA believed that it was absolutely imperative that the nature of Mulholland's work be kept from IRS scrutiny. "After several conferences with the Assistant General Counsel of the Agency, and the

Security Officer for TSS, the following was recommended: Mr. Mulholland should report all funds received from CD/TSS except for funds for travel expenses, but no attempt should be made to itemize deductions based on these funds. Income tax should be paid on the entire amount reported. Mr. Mulholland should determine a conservative value for the amount of tax paid in excess of what would have been paid if reasonable deductions were made. The reason for this was the feeling that any questions by the Internal Revenue people concerning funds paid by CD/TSS would be prompted by questions on deductions made. It was recommended that the excess tax paid by Mr. Mulholland be refunded by the CD/TSS.” [25] This recommendation was immediately accepted “to protect the security of the Agency.” [26]

Mulholland followed the Agency’s instructions and was reimbursed by the CIA for the excess taxes that resulted from this approach [27] Subproject 15 was expanded to include this financial arrangement [28] and similar agreements were instituted for subsequent years in which he received remuneration from the Agency. [29]

OPERATIONAL APPLICATIONS OF THE ART OF DECEPTION

Mulholland continued work on the operational guide throughout the spring and summer. The text was completed by early fall. But the magician had one more task to do – to help prepare drawings, diagrams and photographs to illustrate the book’s proposed techniques.[30] By winter, the manuscript was finally complete. It was titled *Some Operational Applications of the Art of Deception*.

“The purpose of this paper,” Mulholland wrote in the introduction, “is to instruct the reader so he may learn to perform a variety of acts secretly and undetectably. In short, here are instructions in deception.” [31]

The following eight chapters – illustrated with diagrams hand-drawn by Mulholland – ran over 100 pages and outlined how to apply the magician’s art to the needs of espionage and covert activity. It covered how to administer pills, liquids, gasses and loose solids surreptitiously. It discussed means of obtaining small objects secretly. It proposed strategies and tactics to fit the needs of female agents. And it put forth techniques that could be used by teams of men working in tandem. All this was set forth in language that adhered to the original stipulations put to Mulholland in April of 1953. The language of the manual had to sound like a simple magic text without any words or examples that would connect it to its true clandestine use.

But this was not some primer for amateur magicians to learn a few tricks. No matter how gentle the language, this was to be a guide for agents in the field to perform dangerous, provocative and even lethal acts. The solids, gases and liquids were not harmless substances. What Mulholland was teaching CIA operatives to do was surreptitiously administer mind-altering chemicals, biological agents, dangerous drugs, and lethal poisons in order to disorient, discredit, injure, and even kill people.

Today – five decades after it was written – the tricks and approaches set forth in this manual are still classified “top secret.”

Mulholland’s name appears nowhere on the document, but – consciously or not -- he did leave a subtle trace: the illustrations he sketched detailing facial expressions look very much like self-portraits. This notwithstanding, *Some Operational Applications of the Art of Deception*, remains John Mulholland’s most secret book of secrets.

A MEMBER OF THE TEAM

While the operational manual was now complete, John Mulholland's work for the CIA was far from over. He had become part of the MKULTRA team and the Agency was already employing his knowledge and skills in a wide range of ways.

In October of 1954, Mulholland's agreement with the CIA was extended to include his assistance in the "design of devices for the covert delivery of materials" as well as provide for "such other travel and services as may be desired from Mr. Mulholland at various times." [32]

The following summer, the Agency asked the magician to undertake another assignment. The success of intelligence operations almost always rests on the ability to transmit information clandestinely. Theirs, after all, is a world of secrets. Mulholland's manual had spelled out how to administer materials – notably pills, liquids, and loose solids – to unsuspecting victims through the tricks of the magician's trade. He was also helping the Technical Services Staff design devices to carry this out. Now he was to show the intelligence community how to use the methods of magic to exchange information covertly with one another. Furthermore, he was to use his knowledge and creativity to fashion new methods that were unknown even to the conjuring community.

On August 25, Gottlieb outlined this new project "on the application of the magician's art to the covert communication of information" in a confidential CIA memo. According to Gottlieb, "this would involve the application of techniques and principles employed by 'magicians, 'mind readers' etc, to communicate information, and the development of new techniques. It is contemplated the above would provide a contribution to the general efforts in the area of non-electrical means of communication. Mr. Mulholland has agreed to

undertake this task.” Mulholland’s compensation for this was raised from \$150.00 per week to \$200.00 per week. [33]

The Agency continued to enlarge the scope of John Mulholland’s work. On June 20, 1956, the magician’s arrangement was again expanded. “Objective: Make Mr. Mulholland available as a consultant on various problems—TSS and otherwise—as they evolve. These problems concern the application of the magician’s technique to clandestine operations, such techniques to include surreptitious delivery of materials, deceptive movements and actions to cover normally prohibited activities, influencing choices and perceptions of other persons, various forms of disguise; covert signaling systems, etc.” [34]

That August the Agency extended its financial arrangement with the magician for another year. [35] And in November of 1957 Mulholland’s projects were authorized for yet another 12 months. [36] CIA financial records show that he continued to submit vouchers and be paid through February 5, 1958 [37]

It is not clear whether John Mulholland continued to consult for the CIA after that. By then, his health had deteriorated considerably. He still smoked constantly. His arthritis had become very severe, but ulcers and other stomach problems prevented him from taking even aspirin to relieve it. He severely limited many— if not most—of his projects and activities.

While Mulholland’s work for the CIA may have ended, the Agency continued its interest in the connection between the techniques of conjuring and espionage. Indeed, in the spring of 1959, the Agency extended another MKULTRA Subproject (subproject 83) to revise and adapt some of material that Mulholland had developed on “deception techniques (magic, sleight of hand, signals) and on psychic phenomena.” [38]

MKULTRA was not merely some academic research experiment. Nor was Sidney Gottlieb, the man who oversaw Mulholland's work, just an American version of "Q," the scientific wizard who supplied James Bond with his dazzling gizmos and gadgets. Certainly Gottlieb's Technical Services Staff came up with more than their share of wristwatch radios and disappearing inks. At his core, Gottlieb was a dedicated and determined "operations" leader. His chemical division laboratory stored a vast array of poison pills and potions. And Gottlieb knew how – and was willing -- to use them.

While a clubfoot kept him from military service in World War II, it didn't stop him from engaging in some of the CIA's most covert and deadly missions. He traveled to Leopoldville (Kinshasa) with an Agency-developed bio-toxin in his diplomatic bag. Designed to mimic a disease endemic to the Congo, the virus was cultured specifically for its lethal effect. Its intended victim: Congolese leader Patrice Lumumba. Once in the Congo, the scientist carefully instructed CIA operatives in how to apply the toxin to Lumumba's toothbrush and food. [39] Gottlieb mailed a monogrammed handkerchief—doctored with brucellosis—to Iraqi colonel Abd a-Karim Qasim [40] and he developed poisoned cigarettes intended for Jamal abd an-Nasir of Egypt. [41]—Fidel Castro was an ongoing focus of Gottlieb's chemists—from the LSD the Agency hoped to spray in the Cuban leader's radio booth to the botulinum pill-laden pencil they crafted to assassinate him. [42]

Foreign leaders were not the only objects of Gottlieb's interest. Gottlieb was constantly experimenting to see the real world impact of his drugs. Such experimentation was at the heart of the MKULTRA project. The Agency conducted 149 separate projects involving drug testing, behavior modification, and secret administration of mind-altering chemicals at 80 US and Canadian

universities, hospitals, research foundations, and prisons. Over the years, hundreds of individuals were guinea pigs in this research. Some were government employees, military personnel, and students who had varying degrees of knowledge about the tests. But many were unwitting subjects, particularly drug addicts, prostitutes, mental patients, and prisoners—people who were unlikely to complain and even less likely to be believed if they did. One group of men was kept on LSD for 77 days. A mental patient in Kentucky was dosed with LSD for 174 days. The CIA even set up its own brothel to monitor the effects of the hallucinogen on prostitutes and their unsuspecting clients.

Gottlieb's MKULTRA projects weren't limited to mind-altering chemicals. He explored a host of biological agents, toxins, and other drugs as well as such areas as crop and material sabotage, harassment techniques for offensive use, gas propelled sprays and aerosols, hypnosis, sensory deprivation, and electroshock. [43]

But the darkest episode may well have been one in which John Mulholland found himself personally involved during the very first year of his MKULTRA work: the death of Dr. Frank Olson. [44]

DEATH AND THE MAGICIAN

Recruited by the US Army from graduate school at the University of Wisconsin in 1943, Frank Olson was one of the pioneering scientists in America's biological warfare program. He served his active duty in the Army Chemical Corps at Camp Detrick in Frederick, Maryland, and later traded his Army job for a civilian position within the same branch. He was soon working in a new and highly secretive subgroup: the Special Operations Division (SOD). The Division had three primary functions: assessing the vulnerability of American installations to biological attack; developing techniques for offensive use of biological weapons; and

biological research for the CIA. This CIA research included an MKULTRA subproject (code name MKNAOMI) in which SOD was to produce and maintain vicious mutant germ strains capable of killing or incapacitating would-be victims. An expert in biochemistry and aerobiology, Olson's specialty was delivering such deadly diseases in sprays and aerosol emulsions.

Twice each year, the MKNAOMI team from SOD held a working retreat where the Army scientists could plan and discuss future projects with their CIA counterparts. On Wednesday, November 18, 1953, Olson and five of his SOD colleagues traveled to a remote stone cabin located at Deep Creek Lake in western Maryland for such a meeting.

Sidney Gottlieb was always looking for ways to test the effects of his chemicals. This session presented just such an opportunity. His goal, he would later say, was to "ascertain the effect clandestine application of LSD would have on a meeting or conference." After dinner on the second night of the retreat, he had his assistant, Dr. Robert Lashbrook place a "very small dose" of LSD in a bottle of Cointreau. All but two of the SOD team was served the LSD-laced liqueur. As part of this "experiment," Olson unwittingly received some 70 micrograms of the hallucinogen.

Until then, Gottlieb saw nothing unusual in Olson's behavior. However the introduction of the drug had a definite effect on the entire group. Increasingly boisterous, they soon could not engage in sensible conversation. The meeting continued until about 1:00 a.m., when the participants retired for the evening. Gottlieb later recalled that Olson, among others, complained of "wakefulness" during the night. But aside from some evidence of fatigue, Gottlieb observed nothing unusual in Olson's actions, conversation, or general behavior the next morning.

By the time Olson returned home Friday evening, things had changed radically. The 43-year old biochemist was, as his wife Alice would later recount, “a totally different person”—severely depressed, anxious, highly agitated. Lapsing into silence, Olson wouldn’t tell his wife anything that had occurred. All he would say was “I’m going to have to resign; I’ve made a terrible mistake.”

The following Monday, November 23, Olson was already waiting for his boss, Lt. Col. Vincent Ruwet, when he arrived at work at 7:30 a.m. Olson told him that he wanted to quit or be fired. Ruwet reassured him that everything would be all right. Olson phoned his wife “I talked to Vin, he said I didn’t make a mistake, everything is fine and I’m not going to resign.” But Tuesday morning saw a return of his anxiety and depression. Olson again went to Ruwet and, after an hour-long conversation the two decided that Olson would benefit from medical assistance.

Col. Ruwet — keenly aware of the sensitivity of Olson’s circumstances — immediately turned to the CIA for help. He telephoned Robert Lashbrook and advised him that “Dr. Olson was in serious trouble and needed immediate professional attention.” Agreeing to make the appropriate arrangements, Lashbrook then phoned Gottlieb.

Ruwet was instructed to bring Olson to Washington, D.C. to meet with Lashbrook. A few hours later all three men were on their way to New York to see the physician that Gottlieb and Lashbrook had agreed upon: Dr. Harold Abramson.

Abramson was an unlikely doctor from whom to seek psychiatric assistance. An allergist and immunologist practicing medicine in New York City, he had no formal training or degree in psychiatry, nor did he hold himself out to be an expert in the field. He was, however, closely

associated with research projects supported indirectly by the CIA and had substantial experience with LSD. Fully vetted by the Agency, he had a “top secret” security clearance, and while the CIA’s Security and Medical offices maintained a long list of other doctors, including psychiatrists, with such “top secret” approval, Abramson’s work and interest placed him well inside the Technical Services Staff’s “family.” Gottlieb was determined that his secret activities remained secret – even within the wider reaches of the CIA.

Abramson saw Olson twice that day -- first at his East 58th Street office and then later that night at Olson’s hotel. On the latter visit, the doctor gave the biochemist two bottles: one of bourbon and one of the sedative Nembutal – an unorthodox prescription for someone in Olson’s condition.

Frank Olson was slated to see Abramson again the following day. Before doing so, the three men made another stop. “We accompanied Dr. Lashbrook, at Dr. Lashbrook’s suggestion, on an official visit he had to make,” Ruwet would later disclose in a confidential CIA affidavit. That visit was to John Mulholland.

The three men arrived at Mulholland’s office around 3:00pm on November 25. Things did not go well. “During this visit, Dr. Olson became highly suspicious and mixed up. When this became apparent we tactfully cut the visit short.” [45]

Lashbrook then took Olson for another session with Abramson. The next morning, Thursday, November 26, Lashbrook, Olson and Ruwet returned to Washington so that Olson could spend Thanksgiving with his family. An SOD driver met Olson and Ruwet at National Airport. But as they were driving up Wisconsin Avenue, Olson had the car pull into a hotel parking lot. Olson told Ruwet that he was too ashamed to face his family and afraid that he might become violent with his children.

After a lengthy discussion, it was decided that Olson and Lashbrook would return to New York, and that Ruwet would go to Olson's home in Frederick, Maryland, to explain the situation to Olson's wife.

Lashbrook and Olson flew back to New York that same day for further consultations with Abramson. They spent Thursday night at a Long Island hotel not far from Abramson's Long Island clinic. The next morning the two men returned to Manhattan with Abramson. By now the biochemist was acting more and more "psychotic" with what Abramson would later say were "delusions of persecution." Olson thought the CIA was out to get him. After further discussions with Abramson, it was agreed that Olson should be placed under regular psychiatric care at Chestnut Lodge, an institution closer to his home and which had CIA-cleared psychiatrists on its Rockville, Maryland, staff.

Arrangements were made for Frank Olson's immediate admission to the hospital. In what was undoubtedly a remarkable coincidence, the doctor who served as the admitting physician for was Dr. Robert W. Gibson – the 25-year old son of Walter Gibson. [46] Walter Gibson was one of magic's most prolific writers and editors, though the general public would know him best as the author of "The Shadow." He was also a close friend and colleague to John Mulholland.

Unable to obtain air transportation for a return trip on Friday night, Lashbrook and Olson made plane reservations for Saturday morning and checked into room 1018A in the Statler Hotel. Between the time they checked in and 10:00 p.m. they watched television, visited the cocktail lounge, and then had dinner. According to Lashbrook, Olson "was cheerful and appeared to enjoy the entertainment." He "appeared no longer particularly depressed, and almost the Dr. Olson I knew prior to the experiment."

After dinner, Lashbrook and Olson watched television for about another hour, and at 11:00p.m. Olson suggested that they go to bed, saying that “he felt more relaxed and contented than he had since [they] came to New York.” Olson then left a call with the hotel operator to wake them in the morning.

At approximately 2:30 a.m. Saturday, November 28, Frank Olson crashed through the closed window blinds and the closed window of his hotel room and fell to his death on the Seventh Avenue sidewalk 10 floors below.

Lashbrook would later claim that he was awakened by the crash of glass as Olson hurtled through the closed window. But his first reaction was not to run downstairs or call the police or the hotel operator. Instead, he telephoned Gottlieb at his home and informed him that Olson was now dead. It was only then that Lashbrook dialed the front desk and reported the incident to the operator.

By that time a cover-up had already begun. The question is a cover-up of what?

Within minutes, uniformed New York City police officers and hotel employees came to Lashbrook's room. The CIA staffer was still in his underwear, on the telephone in the bathroom. He told the police that he worked for the Defense Department and he didn't know why Olson had jumped from the window, but he did know that Olson “suffered from ulcers” and might have been suffering from job-related stress. The police suspected foul play.

Two officers of the 14th Detective Squad then interviewed Lashbrook at the local police station. Getting information out of him, they noted, “was like pulling teeth.” They asked to see what was in his pockets and billfold. Among the contents of his wallet was a scrap of paper with the initials “JM” on it, an

address, and a telephone number [47] . When asked by the officers who this “JM” was, “Lashbrook indicated he preferred not to identify him because of security reasons and the matter was pressed no further by the detectives.” [48]

The police had little reason to see any connection between paper and the incident. Their suspicions were in another direction. At one point, the two officers speculated to each other that the case might be a simple homicide with homosexual overtones and noted this in their written report.

In the meantime, Sidney Gottlieb had already reported up the chain of command. CIA Director Allen Dulles immediately dispatched agents of the Security Branch -- what some have termed the “CIA’s fixit men”-- to contain the situation. The Security Branch agents quickly closed the NYPD investigation. They took every necessary step to prevent Frank Olson’s death from being connected with the CIA in any way. They supplied complete cover for Lashbrook so that his association with the Agency would remain a complete secret.

With the external front under control, the Agency then turned to its own internal investigation. Lashbrook was again interviewed, but this time by an experienced agent from the CIA. Now when asked who “JM” was, Lashbrook identified him “as John Mulholland.” Interestingly he referred to him not as “John Mulholland, the magician” or “John Mulholland, a writer and lecture.” He identified him solely as “John Mulholland, an Agency employee.” [49] Moreover, among the papers in Lashbrook’s room was “a receipt on plain white paper for \$115.00 dated November 25 1953 and signed by John Mulholland. The receipt indicated ‘Advance for Travel to Chicago.’” [50]

However forthcoming Lashbrook was, the Technical Services Staff still tried to keep the details of its

operations from the scrutiny of others even within the Agency itself. It downplayed the connection between TSS and Olson's death and minimized any link to LSD. Internal memoranda written after the biochemist's passing questioned his emotional stability – a direct contradiction to statements evaluating his mental state prior to the Deep Creek incident. In the end, however, the full details of MKULTRA and the experiment involving Olson reached others within the CIA.

The CIA officially took the position that Olson's death was indeed a suicide, triggered by the LSD given to him by Gottlieb and Lashbrook. But of course it hid even that from the public, including the Olsons. The family had only been told that the stress of his job had led to a nervous breakdown and that Frank Olson had killed himself. What little else they knew came from a small article in their local paper: "Army Bacteriologist Dies in Plunge from NY Hotel." In order to assure his family of Civil Service benefits, the CIA had his death officially recorded as a "classified illness."

And so it remained for twenty-two years. Then in June 1975 a special commission chaired by Vice President Nelson Rockefeller released the findings of its investigation into illegal CIA domestic operations. The *Washington Post's* coverage of the Rockefeller Report noted that in the early 1950's an unnamed civilian employee of the Department of the Army had leaped to his death from a New York hotel window after the CIA had given him LSD without his knowledge. On reading the article, Alice Olson instantly realized the man described in the morning paper was her husband.

Vincent Ruwet confirmed her suspicion that the individual was indeed Frank Olson, but because of the still top-secret status of the project was unable to divulge any further details. On July 11, 1975, the Olson family held a press conference expressing their outrage

and anguish, called for a full accounting of the incident, and filed a wrongful death suit against the United States Government. The story made national headlines.

MIND CONTROL MURDER?

Official Washington moved quickly to end the furor. President Ford invited Alice Olson and her son, Eric, to the White House where he personally apologized on behalf of the government. Congress enacted legislation providing \$750,000 in compensation to the Olson family. And CIA Director William Colby met the Olsons for lunch, where he gave them what he said was the complete CIA-file on the Olson case. [51]

While the CIA was now “admitting” that Frank Olson’s death was a suicide brought on by the after-effects of CIA-administered LSD, Eric Olson was never fully convinced. This was, he felt, a classic example of sophisticated misdirection, using a skill from the magician’s toolkit to protect a clandestine operation. “I believe the key to all this,” he would later write, “lies in the connection between the heart of covert operations, which consists in creating adequate cover stories, and the heart of the magician’s art, which consists in being able to direct attention precisely to the place where the thing is not happening...All curiosity was riveted on the startling disclosure that the CIA had unwittingly drugged a top scientist, but left no curiosity available for the question of, ‘Oh yes, what about his death; you haven’t told us how he could have gotten out the window.’” [52]

After his mother died in 1993, Eric and the family decided to move Frank Olson’s remains from another cemetery so that he could be reburied beside his wife. At the same time, the son got a court order to have an autopsy performed.

Frank Olson had been buried in a sealed casket. This was supposedly to spare his family from seeing how badly mutilated his face and body were from crashing through a plate glass window and falling ten stories to the concrete below. But when the casket was opened, Olson had none of the cuts or abrasions on his face as had been expected. Instead, the forensic pathologist, Dr. James Starrs, a Professor of Law and Forensic Science at the National Law Center at The George Washington University, found a deep bruise on Olson's forehead. The bruise was severe enough to have rendered Olson unconscious, Starrs thought, but probably did not result from the fall. His conclusion was that the evidence was starkly "suggestive of homicide."

That was Eric Olson's conclusion as well. He simply couldn't imagine how his father could have run across the small, dark hotel room, gained enough velocity to vault over a radiator and crash with enough force to go through the closed blinds and the heavy glass pane of a shut hotel window...all with a CIA agent asleep in the next bed whose entire responsibility was to keep track of his father.

Despite this new evidence, federal prosecutors refused to pursue the inquiry. The terms of the \$750,000 Congressional financial settlement precluded a civil suit. But Eric Olson was able to persuade New York public prosecutor Stephen Saracco to look into the case. Saracco decided there was indeed enough evidence to convene a grand jury for an investigation into the death. That investigation is continuing.

If Olson was murdered, the question is why? Did the Technical Services Staff find itself with a man who knew so much and yet was so ill that he was a threat to the MKULTRA's secrecy? Was the Olson case an experiment in mind and behavior control that went so terribly wrong it had to be terminated? Had Frank Olson said or done

something that was—as he himself feared—a breach of security? Had he seen something so repugnant in the MKULTRA work that he couldn't be part of it? Did the biochemist intend to resign from an agency that could then neither let him continue nor permit him to quit? These remain questions for the grand jury to ponder.

Another unanswered question is raised by the small scrap of paper that Robert Lashbrook had in his wallet the night Frank Olson died. That was the paper with the initials “JM” on it along with John Mulholland's address and telephone number. Why was Olson in John Mulholland's office on November 25? And what made him so upset that the meeting had to be abandoned?

That Lashbrook would be meeting with Mulholland should not be surprising. Part of the original agreement between Mulholland and the CIA was that Gottlieb—or his representative—would review the work the magician was doing for the Agency at a biweekly conference. [53] As the project progressed, it was clear that “frequent consultations between Mr. Mulholland and CD/TSS” were indeed essential. In order to facilitate these conferences, Mulholland was provided an additional travel allowance. [54] Even so, meetings were not always easy to schedule and Lashbrook's being in New York on other business would certainly have made getting together simpler.

Moreover, Mulholland's work on the manual was at a critical point. His manuscript encompassing the original outline of the guide had just been completed. The magician was now turning his attention to the two new sections to be added to the first draft: one on covert activities by women and the other on applications suitable for teams of two or more people working in collaboration with each other. In fact, it had only been a week since Gottlieb authorized Mulholland to proceed on these two additional chapters. [55] Conferring with

Lashbrook on the scope and substance of this material would be only natural.

At the same, the Agency had begun to rely increasingly on Mulholland for his advice and expertise. Lashbrook carried with him a check for \$115.00—a travel advance for an upcoming trip that Mulholland was making to Chicago on behalf of the CIA. Why Mulholland was going to Chicago for the Agency remains uncertain, although there is some evidence that he was going to take part in secretly assessing the claims of Andrija Puharich—claims that related to electronic systems and telepathy. His subsequent handwritten travel voucher for the December 3 journey only lists meeting with a “contact.” [56] Perhaps the Lashbrook visit was scheduled for the two men to discuss this activity. In any event, Lashbrook did deliver the check during the November 25 session and received a handwritten receipt in return. [57]

With only an hour between the time Lashbrook was slated to meet with Mulholland and Frank Olson’s next appointment with Dr. Abramson, it might have been simply out of convenience that Lashbrook suggested that Olson and Col. Ruwet accompany him on this visit. Mulholland was always a gracious host and an engaging conversationalist. It may well be, as John Marks suggests, that “Lashbrook thought that the magician might amuse Olson.” [58] In fact, just the opposite occurred. Olson got so suspicious and upset that the meeting was quickly ended.

There are others who suggest that the motive behind the Mulholland visit was far less benign. “One of the things Mulholland may have been helping them do was to create a cover story for what...they were doing in New York in the first place,” notes Eric Olson. Beyond that, he says, “it fits with what they were trying to do in New York: to assess, from any direction possible, how

deep...they were in with my father, and to try, again by any means possible, to fix it and save their own butts.” [59]

Frank Olson’s son is not the only one to suggest that Mulholland’s conjuring-related knowledge and skills were being put to use to interrogate and influence the biochemist. This is clearly the implication of the film documentary *Mind Control Murder* produced by Principal Films and presented as part of Arts & Entertainment Network’s *Investigative Reports* series in September of 1999. [60]

The documentary puts forward its “strong evidence” that Olson was eliminated by the CIA because he wanted to leave the government after witnessing the real world use of MKULTRA interrogation techniques, including drugs and hypnosis...techniques that have been “terminal” in nature. The activities at Deep Creek, it suggests, were designed to find out what Olson knew, what he had done, and what he was likely to do. It cites independent writer and investigator Hank Albarelli: “I think there was an experiment of some sort at Deep Creek Lodge. I think that it might have involved hypnosis and that hypnosis experiment may have been continued in New York in John Mulholland’s office and possibly in Dr. Harold Abramson’s office.”

“If Albarelli is right,” the film’s narrator Bill Kurtis concludes, “the...method of special interrogation was both the secret Olson was worried about and the technique that two of its leading practitioners— John Mulholland and Harold Abramson— then used on him.”

The problem with this theory is that there is no evidence that Mulholland was skilled as a hypnotist. To the contrary, he appears to have been extremely skeptical of its practicality, dismissing many exhibitions of hypnosis as merely “magic shows.” [61] Moreover, the Agency had access to a wide range of individuals with

true expertise in the area. There were at least eight separate MKULTRA subprojects devoted to hypnosis, including two involving hypnosis and drugs in combination. [62] Five major CIA-sponsored hypnosis experiments had already been undertaken by that November. Indeed, Gottlieb had observed some of this work firsthand and was well acquainted with the hypnotists involved. [63]

"Even if Mulholland were not a skilled hypnotist they still might have gone to see him, even if hypnosis were the purpose," counters Eric Olson. "He might have been the best they had available at the moment and also the only guy with an adequate security clearance to handle what they wanted. But they might have found other ways of using Mulholland's skills, in addition to or beyond hypnosis. ..I think the overall purpose is clear: they were exploring whether and to what extent they might distract my father (certainly the essence of the magician's art) for the purpose of taking his eye off the ball, making him forget, creating amnesia. In trying to distract my father...they were taking a risk: the same techniques that ultimately might quiet him could also, if he detected what was going on, increase his anxiety and fear." [64]

Whatever happened in Mulholland's office that November afternoon, it did not curtail his work with the Central Intelligence Agency. He continued his relationship with the CIA for at least another five years. His ability to keep this part of his life secret for so long may well have been his greatest magic trick.

IN SEARCH OF SECRETS

That any evidence of John Mulholland's involvement with the CIA still exists is remarkable in itself — although it would take decades for it to come to light. The CIA's practice was to maintain no records relating to the planning and approval of MKULTRA programs.

[65] Few other files ever existed. Then, in January 1973, acting on Sidney Gottlieb's verbal directions, the Agency's Technical Services personnel sought out and destroyed every single MKULTRA record they could find. Gottlieb later testified -- and Richard Helms -- confirmed that in ordering the destruction of the papers, Gottlieb was carrying out then-CIA Director Helms' verbal orders. [66]

At some point, John Mulholland's personal files were also apparently vetted to remove any connection between him and the Agency. While Mulholland was meticulous in his personal record keeping, not a single reference to his clandestine work remains in his personal archives. Noted writer and intelligence expert Jim Hougan combed through the magician's files which are now housed in David Copperfield's secret warehouse in Nevada. "I went through each and every document page by page. Not a single line related or referred to the Agency. They were spic-and-span. It was apparent that John Mulholland's files had been gone through and sanitized by someone who knew the Agency and knew how to eradicate any hint of its presence." [67]

Despite these efforts and unbeknownst to Gottlieb and his staff, some MKULTRA documents still remained. These files—presumably routine records from the TSS's Budget and Fiscal Section—had been sent to the CIA's Retired Records Center outside of Washington in 1970. They should not have contained any MKULTRA material. The financial paper associated with sensitive projects such as this were normally kept by the branch itself under the project title, not in the files of the branch's Budget and Fiscal Section. Why these records were stored in this manner is not known, but it accounts for why the material escaped retrieval and destruction in 1973. It also explains why the Agency was unable to find these MKULTRA documents in response to a subsequent

US Senate Select Committee investigation of CIA abuses in 1975. The Agency examined both the active and the retired files of all the branches of the CIA considered likely to have had an association with the project, but never looked into the Budget and Fiscal Section retired records. [68]

Then, in 1977, two exceptionally diligent Agency researchers processing a Freedom of Information Act request for former State Department officer John Marks decided to double-check the Budget and Fiscal Section's historical archives. They uncovered seven cartons of MKULTRA material. In August, the Carter White House made the existence of these papers public, though it downplayed the significance of their contents. In accordance with the requirements of federal statute, some 16,000 pages of evidence had to be released to Marks.

All 16,000 pages were, in the CIA's own words, "heavily sanitized." Few documents had escaped redacting. Hundreds of names, places and dates were blacked out. Entire pages were blank. Working with four researchers, Marks painstakingly went through the papers, cross-referencing the material, finding clues wherever he could. In some instances, the blacked out text could be deciphered simply by holding the page to the light; others were identified by their context. His resulting 1977 book, *The Search for the Manchurian Candidate*, did what two United States Senate Committees could not do: it assembled a detailed account of the CIA and its foray into drugs and mind control.

Marks' book ran 264 pages. Only four sentences related to John Mulholland. Those four sentences stimulated the author's own Freedom of Information Act request calling for the Central Intelligence Agency to release of any information or records relating to

Mulholland's work with the CIA, including any written agreements between him and the Agency, copies of the documents he produced, or other related materials.

On June 26, 2000, the Agency responded with explicit written confirmation that John Mulholland indeed had a contractual arrangement with the CIA relating to the operational uses of the magician's skills. [69] It included over 200 pages of material directly linked to Mulholland and his involvement with the intelligence community. Like the documents released to John Marks in 1977, these files were heavily— though inconsistently— redacted. A request for a re-review of these files is still pending.

Despite the CIA's editing of the material, the documents provided a remarkably comprehensive account of John Mulholland's work for the CIA. At times, however, unveiling this information was like assembling a giant jigsaw puzzle. Each and every document had to be carefully scrutinized and then crosschecked against all of the other released papers. All of the material supplied to John Marks in 1977 as well as all of the material released to the Olson family by the CIA in 1975 was reviewed in light of this new evidence. Finally, all of this information was reassembled to form a chronological narrative. This article is a summary of those findings.

These files may be the last link we have to the clandestine world of John Mulholland. Sidney Gottlieb retired from the CIA in 1973, receiving the Agency's Distinguished Intelligence Medal for his 22 years of service. After retiring, Gottlieb and his wife worked in a leprosy hospital in India for 18 months, then moved to a farm in Rappahannock, Virginia. Gottlieb's health, however, was not good and he suffered from a long history of heart ailments. After a month-long bout with pneumonia, Sidney Gottlieb died at his home on March

7, 1999. He was 80 years old. Allen Dulles, the man who approved MKULTRA, died three decades earlier. Vincent Ruwet passed on in 1996.

John Mulholland died at age 71 on February 25, 1970 after a long illness in University Hospital, New York. His life had been dedicated to magic and the keeping of secrets. His clandestine work for the CIA was one secret he was able to maintain until the very end.

NOTES:

[1] Mulholland letter to subscribers of *The Sphinx*, June 29, 1953, George Daily Collection

[2] Memorandum for Director, Central Intelligence, *Two Extremely Sensitive Research Programs*, Central Intelligence Agency, April 3, 1953, author's files

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] Memorandum for Deputy Director (Administration), *Project MKULTRA – Extremely Sensitive Research and Development Program*, Central Intelligence Agency, April 13, 1953, author's files

[5] Alexander Cockburn and Jeffrey St. Clair, "US Official Poisoner Dies," *CounterPunch*, Institute for the Advancement of Journalistic Clarity, March 1999

[6] Stewart Alsop, *The Center: The Anatomy of Power in Washington*, London, Hodder & Stroughton, 1978

[7] John Northern Hilliard, *Greater Magic*, Kaufman and Greenburg, 1994, page 1095

[8] Mulholland invoice, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 4-30, April 13, 1953, author's files

[9] Mulholland letter to Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 4-29, April 20, 1953, author's files

[10] Memorandum for the Record, *Project MKULTRA, Subproject 4*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 4-28, May 4, 1953, author's files

[11] *Ibid.*

[12] Letter to John Mulholland, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 4-28, May 5, 1953, author's files

[13] Mulholland letter to Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 4-2, May 11, 1953, author's files

[14] James B. Alfredson and George L. Daily, Jr., *A Bibliography of Conjuring Periodicals in English: 1791-1983*, Magicana for Collectors, York, PA, 1986

[15] Mulholland letter to subscribers of *The Sphinx*, June 29, 1953, *op. cit.*

[16] Expense Record, MKULTRA, Subproject 4, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 4-1, author's files

[17] Memorandum for the Record, *Project MKULTRA, Subproject 15*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-2, August 3, 1953, author's files

[18] Memorandum for the Record, *Amendment to Project MKULTRA, Subproject 4*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 4-17, September 18, 1953, author's files

[19] Letter to John Mulholland from Sidney Gottlieb, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 4-17, September 18, 1953, author's files

[20] Mulholland letter to Sidney Gottlieb, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 19-2, November 11, 1953, author's files

[21] Cost Estimate, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 19-3, November 17, 1953, author's files

[22] Memorandum for the Record, MKULTRA, *Subproject 19*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 19-5, November 17, 1953, author's files

[23] Memorandum for the Record, Project MKULTRA, Amendment to Subproject 15, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-13, December 9, 1953, author's files

[24] Memorandum for the Record, *Extension of Time for MKULTRA, Subproject 19*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 19-9, April 19, 1954, author's files

[25] Memorandum for the Record, *Summary of Events Related to Reimbursement of Taxes to John Mulholland*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-18, July 9, 1954, author's files

[26] Memorandum for the Record, MKULTRA, *Subproject 15, Expansion of Scope*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-19, July 9, 1954, author's files

[27] Mulholland Receipt for Bank Check No. M142064, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-23, July 31, 1954, author's files

[28] Memorandum for the Record, MKULTRA, *Subproject 15, Expansion of Scope*, op. cit.

[29] Memorandum for the Record, *Reimbursement of Excess Federal Income Taxes to Mr. John Mulholland*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-24, February 24, 1955, author's files; Memorandum, *Reimbursement for Excess Income Taxes*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-33, January 16, 1956, author's files

[30] Memorandum for the Record, *Project MKULTRA, Subproject 34*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 34-46, October 1, 1954, author's files

[31] *Some Operational Applications of the Art of Deception*, Central Intelligence Agency, undated, p. 2, author's files

[32] Memorandum for the Record, *Project MKULTRA, Subproject 34*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 34-46, October 1, 1954, author's files

[33] Memorandum for the Record, *Definition of a Task under MKULTRA Subproject 34*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 34-39, August 25, 1955, author's files

[34] Memorandum for the Record, *MKULTRA, Subproject 34*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 34-29, June 20, 1956, author's files

[35] Memorandum for the Record, *Project MKULTRA, Subproject 34A*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 34-26, August 31, 1956, author's files

[36] Memorandum for the Record, *Project MKULTRA, Extension of Subproject 34*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 34-7, November 15, 1957, author's files

[37] Invoice Check List, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 34-48, author's files

[38] Memorandum for the Record, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 83-12, March 26, 1959, author's files

[39] US Senate Select Committee to Study Governmental Operations with Respect to Intelligence Activities (Church Committee) *Alleged Assassination Plots Involving Foreign Leaders: An Interim Report*, Government Printing Office, 1975, pp.20-21

[40] *Ibid.* p. 181

[41] *Ibid.*

[42] Central Intelligence Agency, Office of the Inspector General, *Report on Plots to Assassinate Fidel Castro*, CIA-IG, May 23, 1967

[43] *Testimony of Admiral Stansfield Turner*, Select Committee on Intelligence & the Subcommittee on Health and Scientific Research of the Committee on Human Resources, US Senate, 1977, pp. 10-14

[44] A detailed and documented chronology of the events surrounding the Frank Olson case can be found in Appendix A, *Project MKULTRA, The CIA's Program of Research in Behavioral Modification*, Joint hearing of the Select Committee on Intelligence & the Subcommittee on Health and Scientific Research of the Committee on Human Resources, Washington, DC 1977; the primary source documents can be found in *CIA Documents Concerning the Death of Dr. Frank Olson*, Center for National Security Studies documents collection, Box 8, Number C-35, National Security Archives, Washington, DC. The author's account is based on the documents contained in these two sets of materials.

[45] Affidavit of Lt. Col. Vincent L. Rewet, *CIA Documents Concerning the Death of Dr. Frank Olson*, CNSS, Box 8, C-35, Document 15, undated, National Security Archive, Washington, DC

[46] Robert Gibson interview with Eric Olson, December 20, 1999, Olson notes in author's files

[47] Joseph Treaster, "CIA Hired Magician in Behavior Project" *New York Times*, August 3, 1977

[48] Agent's Report, Case record #73317, December 3, 1953, *CIA Documents Concerning the Death of Frank*

Olson, CNSS, Box 8, C-35, National Security Archive, Washington, DC

[49] *Ibid.* Document 60

[50] *Ibid.*

[51] These files were released by the Olson family in 1976 and can be found in the Kennedy subcommittee hearings on Biomedical and Behavioral Research, pp. 1005-1132; see also *CIA Documents Concerning the Death of Dr. Frank Olson* above

[52] Eric Olsen email to author, January 26, 2001

[53] Mulholland letter to Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 4-29, April 20, 1953, author's files

[54] Memorandum for the Record, Project MKULTRA, Subproject 15, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-2, August 3, 1953, author's files

[55] Memorandum for the Record, *Project MKULTRA, Subproject 19*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 19-5, November 17, 1953, author's files

[56] Mulholland invoice for Dec. 3-4, 1953 trip to Chicago, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-6, author's files

[57] Mulholland receipt for travel advance, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 15-6, author's files

[58] John Marks *The Search for the Manchurian Candidate*, W.W. Norton and Company, New York, 1979, p. 87

[59] Eric Olson e-mail to author, January 25, 2001, author's files

[60] A&E Investigative Reports: *Mind Control Murder*, Principal Films (London) and Arts & Entertainment Network, 1999, Videotape AE-17604

[61] John Mulholland and George Gordon *The Magical Mind*, Hastings House, 1967, p. 77

[62] *Testimony of Admiral Stansfield Turner*, op. cit. page 10

[63] Memorandum for the Record, *Visit to Project (deleted)*, Central Intelligence Agency, MKULTRA document 5-11, May 11, 1953

[64] Eric Olson email to author, January 25, 2001, author's files

[65] *Testimony of Admiral Stansfield Turner*, op. cit., page 9

[66] Joint hearings; Select Committee on Intelligence & the Subcommittee on Health and Scientific Research of the Committee on Human Resources, US Senate, Appendix A, page 69 August 3, 1977

[67] Jim Hougan interview with author, January 25, 2001

[68] *Testimony of Admiral Stansfield Turner and Appendix B: Documents Referring to Discovery of Additional MKULTRA Material*, Select Committee on Intelligence & the Subcommittee on Health and Scientific Research of the Committee on Human Resources, US Senate, 1977

[69] Letter to Michael Edwards from Kathryn Dyer, Information and Privacy Coordinator, Central Intelligence Agency, June 26, 2000

Dear Mrs. Brussell (Mae Brussell, “World Watchers International”),

Recently, while reading through an old copy of *Critique*, and then again in the *Journal of Borderland Sciences*, I came across your name in a reference to an “Update” you offer on the Alternative Three mystery. As such, I would certainly like to obtain this for my files, since I have been collecting related materials since the early 60s when my father worked as a designer for NASA. He was part of a team that designed the LEM module, and he told me some pretty hair-raising stories of the astronauts’ “close encounters” on the Moon.

Then, in the Feb/Mar 1983 issue of *Mother Jones* (pg. 10) I came across a very strange article entitled “Refugees on Mars: FDR’s Secret Plan,” outlining something called the “M Project.” This got me to recalling an event that had occurred to me several years earlier, something I think you might be interested in.

Back during 1978 or thereabouts I happened on a copy of a paperback book, *Alternative 3*, which detailed some of the things my father had told me years earlier in New York, specifically that the government had cracked the secret of anti-gravity and that the military had dis-shaped aircraft.

He had also told me that NASA had evidence of lights having been seen on the Moon for centuries and that they had been recovering coded signals from Mars and other planets, as well, at Arecibo.

Anyway, a month or so later I happened to be talking with an old Pan Am Captain friend of mine when he mentioned seeing a fantastic program on British TV. He had a home there in London at the time and he said that

both he and his son had watched this NASA exposé called the Alternative 3 Project. He said many Brits believed the subject matter since it was so authoritatively presented.

A short time after that, I found myself up in Twin Falls, Idaho, on a business trip and I was introduced to a gal—about 40—who worked as a sometime DJ at a nearby radio station. After several drinks, and discussion about this and that, I thought I would impress her by mentioning that I had worked once as a Congressional liaison to the Pentagon for Nixon's Congressman during the early years of the Watergate fiasco, and that my then-wife had worked as secretary to Donald Segretti, head of CREEP, in the Naval Annex. She was completely nonplussed at this.

Then, after another drink or two, she told me — somewhat hesitantly — that she too had worked at the Pentagon — behind the “Green Door” — as a cryptanalyst for Military Intelligence, and as personal secretary to an Admiral. This, she said, was during the late '50s. And she said that after having helped uncover a Soviet “mole” within her Top Secret Department, she was promoted and later offered a very interesting assignment — in California.

By this time I was so intrigued that I found and set up my tape recorder and flipped it on — covertly, of course. By now she was really getting interesting, and we had become a little more cozy. And since I had once also worked as an Investigative Reporter for four years (in Boston), covering political subversion in high places, assassinations, espionage, etc, I felt that I had here the genesis of a hell of a story. And subsequently I was able to get her story on tape.

To get back to her story, she told me that she moved out to Southern California to accept her new assignment, sometime during 1962 I believe, and started

working for the Jet Propulsion Labs there in Pasadena. She was assigned to a highly classified section of the plant as a photo interpreter and eventually became head of that department, where she met her future husband. She said that while her function was to scan and interpret all incoming photographs taken of the Moon and Mars, with “high-resolution” photography techniques and equipment aboard satellites (orbiting the Moon and Mars) — her husband worked in another department as a designer. His function was to design domed, modular living facilities for “Colonies” of earth scientists to be stationed on the Moon, and then Mars! She said that the secret name of this amazing project was: “Project Adam & Eve.” Needless to say, I about fell off the couch.

She told me that her husband, who had many degrees, was designing these domed structures (and all the life-support systems inside and out) because no other type of housing would suffice. It seems that one of their rocket probes had found that due to the gale force velocity of the winds of Mars, no other structures would hold up, and underground structures were ruled out. In her photo-interpretation work she said she had enhanced the pix to such a fine degree that evidence of ancient civilizations of some kind was readily discernible on both the Moon and Mars, that there was a green vegetation belt on Mars (with “life forms”), that both pyramids and a human face carved into a huge mountain chain were observed!! She said that there was evidence of water, an atmosphere, and almost normal gravity on both the Moon and Mars, from the Pix and other data she was privy to, amazing as all that sounds.

She told me that throughout the plant where she worked there were numerous high-ranking officers, Generals and Admirals, and that each department was color-coded — so that a specific colored badge had to be

worn at all times. I believe the badges were magnetic, too, and had a current photo of each worker — with his or her code number.

Sometime later on, she said, her husband and several other key assistants were chosen for an even more secret project (within this Top Secret Project) — and off he went to parts unknown. And she never saw him again. When she kept asking where he was she was consistently told that his whereabouts were on a need to know basis. For the next year or so she received letters from him of a general nature but no hint of where he was. One day, she was informed that he had been killed and that they were very sorry. But they refused to give her any more information than that, or even to [let her] see the body or have normal funeral arrangements.

Finally, due to her constant questioning, they yanked her Q clearance and she was fired. She had had to sign an oath that she would not reveal what her job had been. Sometime later, after making a lot of phone calls trying to track down some answers, there were several attempts on her life — including a near-fatal car accident. As she told me then, she ended up leaving Pasadena in the middle of the night — with her children in tow — and headed for Idaho, where her parents lived. When I asked, jokingly, if she thought maybe her husband and the others had been drafted to go to Vietnam, she stared at me for a blank moment and replied: “No, I think he was drafted to Mars!” And she was deadly serious.

Sometime shortly after this midnight “interview,” after returning to Salt Lake City, I simply had to share this incredible tale with someone — so I loaned the tape to an old friend of mine, an ex-FBI Special Agent who lived in California. And I asked him to check out the story through his connections. It was a very stupid thing

to do, for (you guessed it) he then promptly “lost” the tape! There went my story.

Mae, should you wish to follow up on this, I would be happy to give you both their names. For reasons I can’t disclose, I am in no position to follow up on anything at the moment. The gal’s name was Jolly S. [full name withheld], and the last I heard, she was still working in Twin Falls selling advertising. The other’s name was Neil M. [full name withheld], and the last I heard, he was at [address withheld], West Covina, California. Neil, upon retirement, had gone to work in Las Vegas as a bodyguard for Howard Hughes.

Please, do not publish or mention their names for obvious reasons. That is, unless you get their permission. My real name is not really important. As a reporter, I had some 50 exposés published over a 4 year period, and I thought I had heard it all. Since then, I have run somewhat afoul of the powers that be and I am now writing a book, entitled *The Dark Side of the Force*, about my experiences over the years. Keep up the good work, and carry on the fight for a non-Soviet America. Sorry to say, I have been completely knocked out of the box after one too many exposés.

Sincerely,

Mr. MJ.

El Paso, Texas

THE MODERN BRAIN DRAIN

COMPILED BY STEVE QUAYLE

November 15, 2010: Chitra Chauhan, 33.

EXPERTISE: Chauhan, a molecular biologist, was a post-doctoral researcher in the Global Health department in the College of Public Health. She earned her doctorate from the Institute of Genomics and Integrative Biology in New Delhi, India, in 2005, then studied mosquitoes and disease transmission at the University of Notre Dame.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Chauhan was found dead in an apparent suicide by cyanide at a Temple Terrace hotel.

July 12, 2010: Franco Cerrina, 62.

EXPERTISE: Cerrina was a leading scholar in optics, lithography, and nanotechnology.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Cerrina was found dead in a lab at BU's Photonics Center. The cause of death is not yet known, but have ruled out homicide

APRIL 26, 2010: Vajinder Toor, 34

EXPERTISE: Toor worked at Kingsbrook Jewish Medical Center in New York before joining the faculty at Yale.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Shot and killed outside his home in Branford, Connecticut.

APRIL 6, 2010: Joseph Morrissey, 46

EXPERTISE: Morrissey joined NSU in May 2009 as an associate professor and taught one elective class on immunopharmacology in the College of Pharmacy.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Victim of a home invasion. Although the cause of death was first identified as a gunshot wound, the autopsy revealed that the professor died from a stab wound.

FEBRUARY 13, 2010: Maria Ragland Davis, 52

EXPERTISE: Her background was in chemical engineering and biochemistry, and she specialized in plant pathology and biotechnology applications. She had a doctorate in biochemistry and had worked as a postdoctoral research fellow at the Monsanto Company in St. Louis. She was hired at the University of Alabama after a seven-year stint as a senior scientist in the plant-science department at Research Genetics Inc. (later Invitrogen), also in Huntsville.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Murdered by Amy Bishop.

FEBRUARY 13, 2010: Gopi K. Podila, 54

EXPERTISE: Indian American biologist, noted academician, and faculty member at the University of Alabama in Huntsville. He listed his research interests as engineering tree biomass for bioenergy, functional genomics of plant-microbe interactions, plant molecular biology and biotechnology. In particular, Podila studied genes that regulate growth in fast growing trees, especially poplar and aspen. He has advocated prospective use of fast growing trees and grasses as an alternative to corn sources for producing ethanol.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Murdered by Amy Bishop.

FEBRUARY 13, 2010: Adriel D. Johnson Sr. 52

EXPERTISE: His research involved aspects of gastrointestinal physiology specifically pancreatic function in vertebrates.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Murdered by Amy Bishop.

NOVEMBER 11, 2009: Keith Fagnou, 38

EXPERTISE: His research focused on improving the preparation of complex molecules for petrochemical, pharmaceutical or industrial uses. Keith's advanced and out-of-the-box thinking overturned prior ideas of what is possible in the chemistry field.

CIRCUMSTANCE: H1N1

OCTOBER 12, 2009: Stephen Lagakos, 63

EXPERTISE: Lagakos centered his efforts on several fronts in the fight against AIDS particularly how and when HIV-infected women transmitted the virus to their children. In addition, he developed sophisticated methods to improve the accuracy of estimated HIV incidence rates. He also contributed to broadening access to antiretroviral drugs to people in developing countries.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Car Crash.

SEPTEMBER 13, 2009: Malcolm Casadaban, 60

EXPERTISE: Molecular geneticist with a passion for new research, Casadaban had been developing a stronger vaccine for the plague.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Plague; the medical center says the plague bacteria he worked with was a weakened strain that isn't known to cause illness in healthy adults. The strain was approved by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention for laboratory studies.

AUGUST 6, 2009: Wallace L. Pannier, 81

EXPERTISE: Pannier was a germ warfare scientist whose top-secret projects included a mock attack on the New York subway with powdered bacteria in 1966. Mr. Pannier worked at Fort Detrick, a US Army installation in Frederick, MD that tested biological weapons during the Cold War and is now a center for biodefense research. He worked in the Special Operations Division, a secretive unit operating there from 1949 to 1969, according to family members and published reports. The unit developed and tested delivery systems for deadly agents such as anthrax and smallpox.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Natural Causes.

JUNE 9, 2009: August "Gus" Watanabe, 67

EXPERTISE: Watanabe was one of the five highest-paid officers of Indianapolis pharmaceutical giant Eli Lilly and Co. when he retired in 2003.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Friends discovered the body, a .38-caliber handgun and a three-page note at the scene. They said he had been depressed following the death last month of his daughter Nan Reiko Watanabe Lewis. She died at age 44 while recovering from elective surgery.

JUNE 3, 2009: Caroline Coffey, 28

EXPERTISE:

CIRCUMSTANCE: Hikers found the body of the Cornell University post-doctoral bio-medicine researcher along a wooded trail in Taughannock Falls State Park, about 400 yards from the home she shared with Blazej Kot, her husband and alleged killer, in Ithaca, N.Y., where the Ivy League school is located.

FEBRUARY 14, 2009: Nasser Talebzadeh Ordoubadi, 53

EXPERTISE: Dr. Noah is described in his American biography as a pioneer of Mind-Body-Quantum medicine who lectured in five countries and ran a successful health care center, General Medical Clinics Inc., in King County, Washington for 15 years after suffering a heart attack in 1989. Among his notable accomplishments was discovering an antitoxin treatment for bioweapons.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Natural Causes.

JULY 28, 2008: Bruce Edwards Ivins, 62

EXPERTISE: Ivins was a coinventor on two US patents for anthrax vaccine technology.

CIRCUMSTANCE: He committed suicide prior to formal charges being filed by the Federal Bureau of Investigation for an alleged criminal connection to the 2001 anthrax attacks.

JULY 3, 2008: Laurent Bonomo and Gabriel Ferez, 23

EXPERTISE:

CIRCUMSTANCE: Laurent, a student in the proteins that cause infectious disease, had been stabbed 196, half of which were administered after death. Gabriel, who hoped to become an expert in eco-friendly fuels, suffered 47 separate injuries.

MARCH 10, 2008: Yongsheng Li, 29

EXPERTISE: Li was a doctoral student from China who studied receptor cells in Regents Professor David Puett's biochemistry and molecular biology laboratory.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Cause of death unknown. He was found in a pond between the Women's Sports Complex and State Botanical Gardens on South Milledge Avenue Sunday and had been missing 16 days.

OCTOBER, 2007: Dr. Mario Alberto Vargas Olvera, 52

EXPERTISE: He was a nationally and internationally recognized biologist.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Blunt-force trauma.

MAY 31, 2006: Yoram Kaufman, 57

EXPERTISE: Dr. Kaufman began working at the space flight center in 1979 and spent his entire career there as a research scientist. His primary fields were meteorology and climate change, with a specialty in analyzing aerosols—airborne solid and liquid particles in the atmosphere. In recent years, he was senior atmospheric scientist in the Earth-Sun Exploration Division and played a key role in the development of NASA's Terra Satellite, which collects data about the atmosphere.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Struck by an automobile while riding his bicycle near the Goddard Spaceflight Center, Greenbelt, MD.

MAY 22, 2006: Lee Jong-woo, 61

EXPERTISE: Lee was spearheading the WHO's fight against global threats from bird flu, AIDS and other

infectious diseases. WHO director-general since 2003, Lee was his country's top international official. The affable South Korean, who liked to lighten his press conferences with jokes, was a keen sportsman with no history of ill-health, according to officials.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Embolism.

JUNE 8, 2005: Leonid Strachunsky

EXPERTISE: Strachunsky specialized in creating microbes resistant to biological weapons. Strachunsky was found dead in his hotel room in Moscow, where he'd come from Smolensk en route to the United States

CIRCUMSTANCE: Struck on the head with a champagne bottle.

MAY 19, 2005: Robert J. Lull, 66

EXPERTISE: Despite his missing car and apparent credit card theft, homicide Inspector Holly Pera said investigators aren't convinced that robbery was the sole motive for Lull's killing. She said a robber would typically have taken more valuables from Lull's home than what the killer left with. Lull had been chief of nuclear medicine at San Francisco General Hospital since 1990 and served as a radiology professor at UCSF. He was past president of the American College of Nuclear Physicians and the San Francisco Medical Society and served as editor of the medical society's journal, *San Francisco Medicine*, from 1997 to 1999. Lee Lull said her former husband was a proponent of nuclear power and loved to debate his political positions with others.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Multiple stab wounds.

MAY 8, 2005: Todd Kauppila, 41

EXPERTISE: His death came two days after Kauppila publicly rejoiced over news that the lab's director was leaving. Kauppila was fired by director Pete Nanos on Sept. 23, 2004 following a security scandal. Kauppila said he was fired because he did not immediately return from a family vacation during a lab investigation into two classified computer disks that were thought to be missing. The apparent security breach forced Nanos to shut down the lab for several weeks. Kauppila claimed he was made a scapegoat over the disks, which investigators concluded never existed. The mistake was blamed on a clerical error. After he was fired, Kauppila accepted a job as a contractor at Bechtel Nevada Corp., a research company that works with Los Alamos and other national laboratories. He was also working on a new Scatter Reduction Grids in Megavolt Radiography focused on metal plates or crossed grids to act to stop the scattered radiation while allowing the un-scattered or direct rays to pass through with other scientists: Scott Watson (LANL, DX-3), Chuck Lebeda (LANL, XTA), Alan Tubb (LANL, DX-8), and Mike Appleby (Tecomet Thermo Electron Corp.)

CIRCUMSTANCE: Died of hemorrhagic pancreatitis at the Los Alamos hospital, according to the state medical examiner's office.

MAY 8, 2005: David Banks, 55

EXPERTISE: He was known as an Agro Genius inventing the mosquito trap used for cattle. Banks was the principal scientist with quarantine authority, Biosecurity Australia, and heavily involved in protecting Australians from unwanted diseases and pests. Most of Dr Banks' work involved preventing potentially devastating diseases making their way into Australia.

He had been through Indonesia looking at the potential for foot and mouth disease to spread through the archipelago and into Australia. Other diseases he had fought to keep out of Australian livestock herds and fruit orchards include classical swine fever, Nipah virus and Japanese encephalitis.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Banks, based in North Queensland, died in an airplane crash, along with 14 others.

APRIL 18, 2005: Dr. Douglas James Passaro, 43

EXPERTISE: Dr. Passaro was an epidemiologist who wanted to unlock the secrets of a spiral-shaped bacterium that causes stomach disease. He was a professor who challenged his students with real-life exercises in bioterrorism

CIRCUMSTANCE: Unknown cause.

FEBRUARY 8, 2005: Geetha Angara, 43

EXPERTISE: Angara was a senior chemist with a doctorate from New York University.

CIRCUMSTANCE: This formerly missing chemist was found in a Totowa, New Jersey water treatment plant's tank. Angara was last seen on the night of February 8 doing water quality tests at the Passaic Valley Water Commission plant in Totowa, where she worked for 12 years. Divers found her body in a 35-foot-deep sump opening at the bottom of one of the emptied tanks. Investigators are treating Angara's death as a possible homicide.

JANUARY 7, 2005: Jeong H. Im, 72

EXPERTISE: A retired research assistant professor at the University of Missouri, Columbia and a protein chemist.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Im died of multiple stab wounds to the chest before firefighters found in his body in the trunk of a burning car on the third level of the Maryland Avenue Garage.

APRIL 22, 2004: Darwin Kenneth Vest

EXPERTISE: Vest was an internationally renowned entomologist, expert on hobo spiders and other poisonous spiders and snakes.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Darwin disappeared in the early morning hours of June 3, 1999 while walking in downtown Idaho Falls, Idaho.

DECEMBER 29, 2004: Tom Thorne, 64; Beth Williams, 53

EXPERTISE: Experts on chronic wasting disease and brucellosis.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Husband and wife were killed in a snowy-weather crash on US 287 in northern Colorado.

DECEMBER 21, 2004: Taleb Ibrahim al-Daher

EXPERTISE:

CIRCUMSTANCE: The Iraqi nuclear scientist was shot dead north of Baghdad by unknown gunmen. He was on his way to work at Diyala University when armed men opened fire on his car as it was crossing a bridge in Baqouba, 57 km northeast of Baghdad. The vehicle swerved off the bridge and fell into the Khrisan River. Al-Daher, who was a professor at the local university,

was removed from the submerged car and rushed to Baqouba hospital where he was pronounced dead.

NOVEMBER 2, 2004: John R. La Montagne, 61

EXPERTISE: Head of US Infectious Diseases unit under Tommie Thompson; was NIAID Deputy Director; expert in AIDS Program, Microbiology and Infectious Diseases.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Pulmonary embolism.

OCTOBER 13, 2004: Matthew Allison, 32

EXPERTISE: Allison had a college degree in molecular biology and biotechnology.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Fatal explosion.

SEPTEMBER 5, 2004: Mohammed Toki Hussein al-Talakani, 40

EXPERTISE: He was a practicing nuclear physicist since 1984.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Shot dead in Mahmudiya, south of Baghdad

AUGUST 12, 2004: Professor John Clark, 52

EXPERTISE: An expert in animal science and biotechnology Clark developed techniques for the genetic modification of livestock. He played a crucial role in creating the transgenic sheep, Dolly, which earned the Roslin Institute worldwide fame. He was put in charge of a project to produce human proteins (which could be used in the treatment of human diseases) in sheep's milk. Clark and his team focused their study on the production of the alpha-I-antitrypsin protein, which is used for treatment of cystic fibrosis. Clark also founded

three spinoffs: PPL Therapeutics, Rosgen and Roslin BioMed.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found hanged in his holiday home.

JULY 21, 2004: Dr. John Badwey, 54

EXPERTISE: Biochemist at Harvard Medical School specializing in infectious diseases.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Developed pneumonia-like symptoms; died two weeks later.

JULY 21, 2004: Dr. Bassem al-Mudares

EXPERTISE: He was a Ph.D. chemist.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Mutilated body was found in the city of Samarra, Iraq; he was tortured prior to death.

JULY 6, 2004: Professor Stephen Tabet, 42

EXPERTISE: He was an associate professor and epidemiologist at the University of Washington, and a world-renowned HIV doctor and researcher who worked with HIV patients in a vaccine clinical trial for the HIV Vaccine Trials Network.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Unknown cause.

JULY 2, 2004: Dr. Larry Bustard, 53

EXPERTISE: He was a Sandia National Laboratories scientist in the Department of Energy who helped develop a foam spray to clean up congressional buildings and media sites during the anthrax scare in 2001. As an expert in bioterrorism, he co-developed technologies used against biological and chemical agents.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Unknown cause.

JULY 1, 2004: Edward Hoffman, 62

EXPERTISE: He worked to develop the first human PET scanner in 1973 at Washington University in St. Louis.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Unknown cause.

JUNE 29, 2004: John Mullen, 67

EXPERTISE: A nuclear research scientist with McDonnell Douglas. At the time of his death he was doing contract work for Boeing.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Poisoned with a large dose of arsenic. Investigators will not divulge how Mullen was exposed to the arsenic or where it came from.

JUNE 27, 2004: Dr. Paul Norman, 52

EXPERTISE: An expert in chemical and biological weapons, Norman traveled the world lecturing on defending against the scourge of weapons of mass destruction.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Killed when the single-engine Cessna 206 he was piloting crashed in Devon.

JUNE 24, 2004: Dr. Assefa Tulu, 45

EXPERTISE: Tulu designed a system for detecting a bioterrorism attack involving viruses or weaponized bacterium.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found face down, dead in his office. The Dallas County Epidemiologist died of a hemorrhagic stroke.

JUNE 22, 2004: Thomas Gold, 84

EXPERTISE: Author of “The Deep Hot Biosphere,” which challenges the accepted wisdom of how oil and natural gas are formed and, along the way, proposes a new theory of the beginnings of life on Earth and potentially on other planets. Gold's theory of the deep hot biosphere holds important ramifications for the possibility of life on other planets, including seemingly inhospitable planets within our own solar system. He was Professor Emeritus of Astronomy at Cornell University and was the founder (and for 20 years director) of Cornell Center for Radiophysics and Space Research. He was also involved in air accident investigations.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Heart failure.

MAY 25, 2004: Antonina Presnyakova, 46

EXPERTISE:

CIRCUMSTANCE: A Russian scientist at a former Soviet biological weapons laboratory in Siberia died after an accident with a needle laced with Ebola. Scientists and officials said the accident had raised concerns about safety and secrecy at the State Research Center of Virology and Biotechnology, known as Vector, which in Soviet times specialized in turning deadly viruses into biological weapons. Vector has been a leading recipient of aid in an American program.

MAY 14, 2004: Dr. Hank Mallove, 56

EXPERTISE: Cold Fusion; “New Energy Research.”

CIRCUMSTANCE: Blunt-force trauma to the head and neck.

MAY 5, 2004: William T. McGuire, 39

EXPERTISE: He was a NJ University Professor and senior programmer, analyst and adjunct professor at the New Jersey Institute of Technology in Newark. He emerged as one of the world's leading microbiologists who developed and oversaw multiple-level of bio-containment facilities.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Body found in three suitcases floating in Chesapeake Bay.

APRIL 12, 2004: Ilsley Ingram, 84

EXPERTISE: Ingram was Director of the Supraregional Haemophilia Reference Centre and the Supraregional Centre for the Diagnosis of Bleeding Disorders at the St. Thomas Hospital in London.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Unknown cause.

APRIL 2004: Mohammed Munim al-Izmerly

EXPERTISE: Iraqi chemistry professor.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Blunt-force trauma to the head.

MARCH 13, 2004: Vadake Srinivasan

EXPERTISE: He was originally from India, was one of the most-accomplished and respected industrial microbiologists in academia, and held two doctorate degrees.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Car crash due to stroke.

JANUARY 24, 2004: Dr. Michael Patrick Kiley, 62

EXPERTISE: Ebola and Mad Cow expert.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Massive heart attack. Dr. Robert Shope and Dr. Kiley were working on a lab upgrade to

Biosafety Level 4 installation at the UTMB Galveston Laboratory (Homeland Security Contract).

JANUARY 23, 2004: Robert Shope, 74

EXPERTISE: Virus expert.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Purportedly died as a result of complications incurred during a lung transplant, but was later purported to have died of Idiopathic Pulmonary Fibrosis (IPF), often caused by an environmental stimulus or a *virus*.

JANUARY 6, 2004: Dr. Richard Stevens, 54

EXPERTISE: Hematology.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Suicide.

DECEMBER 18, 2003: Robert Aranosia, 61

EXPERTISE: Oakland County deputy medical examiner.

CIRCUMSTANCE: While driving south on I-75 his pickup truck went off the freeway near a bridge over the Kawkawlin River.

NOVEMBER 20, 2003: Robert Leslie Burghoff, 45

EXPERTISE: He was studying the virus plaguing cruise ships.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Hit-and-run.

OCTOBER 11, 2003: Michael Perich, 46

EXPERTISE: Vector-borne diseases.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Car accident; drowning.

JULY 18, 2003: David Kelly, 59

EXPERTISE: Kelly was the Ministry of Defense's chief scientific officer and senior adviser to the proliferation and arms control secretariat, and to the Foreign Office's non-proliferation department, as well as senior adviser on biological weapons to the UN biological weapons inspections teams from 1994 to 1999.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Slashed his own wrists while walking near his home.

JUNE 24, 2003: Dr. Leland Rickman, 47

EXPERTISE: Rickman, the incoming president of the Infectious Disease Association of California, was a multidisciplinary professor and practitioner with expertise in infectious diseases, internal medicine, epidemiology, microbiology and antibiotic utilization.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Unknown cause.

SUMMER 2003: Dr. Roger

EXPERTISE: China Lake geneticist.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Execution.

APRIL 2003: Bernardo Urbani, 46

EXPERTISE: Epidemiology.

CIRCUMSTANCE: SARS.

MARCH 25, 2002: Steven Mostow, 63

EXPERTISE: Mostow was one of the country's leading infectious disease experts.

CIRCUMSTANCE: He died in a plane crash near Centennial Airport.

MARCH 24, 2002: Dr. David Wynn-Williams, 55

EXPERTISE: He was an astrobiologist with the Antarctic Astrobiology Project and the NASA Ames Research Center. He was studying the capability of microbes to adapt to environmental extremes, including the bombardment of ULTRAViolet rays and global warming.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Hit by a car while jogging near his home in Cambridge, England.

FEBRUARY 28, 2002: Tanya Holzmayer, 46; Guyang “Mathew” Huang, 38

EXPERTISE: Microbiology.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Tanya Holzmayer was shot and killed by a colleague, Guyang “Mathew” Huang, who later shot himself.

FEBRUARY 12, 2002: Dr. Ian Langford, 40

EXPERTISE: Infectious diseases.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead at his blood-spattered home.

FEBRUARY 9, 2002: Dr. Vladamir “Victor” Korshunov, 56

EXPERTISE: Korshunov, inventor of a multi-purpose vaccine to combat weaponized biologicals, was head of the microbiology sub-facility at the Russian State Medical University.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Blunt-force trauma to the head.

JANUARY 2002: Dr. Ivan Glebov

EXPERTISE: Microbiology.

CIRCUMSTANCE: “Bandit attack.”

JANUARY 2002: Dr. Alexi Brushlinski

EXPERTISE: Microbiology.

CIRCUMSTANCE: “Bandit attack.”

DECEMBER 6, 2001: Dr. Benito Que, 52

EXPERTISE: Hematology.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Cardiac arrest.

NOVEMBER 21 OR DECEMBER 23, 2001: Dr. Vladimer Pasechnik, 64

EXPERTISE: Pasechnik was involved in the exhumation of 10 London victims of the 1919 Type “A” flu epidemic. He was also heavily involved in DNA sequencing research. Pasechnik was the boss of William C. Patrick III who holds 5 patents on the militarized anthrax used by the United States and is now a private biowarfare consultant to the military and CIA. Patrick developed the process by which anthrax spores could be concentrated at the level of one trillion spores per gram. The anthrax utilized in the mail-borne attacks in the United States was concentrated at one trillion spores per gram...

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead in Wiltshire, England, a village near his home. Two different dates have been

reported: November 21 and December 23. Cause of death: stroke.

DECEMBER 16, 2001: Dr. Don Wiley, 57

EXPERTISE: Molecular Biologist with Howard Hughes Medical Institute, Harvard University; top Deadly Contagious Virus expert.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Abandoned rental car was found on the Hernando de Soto Bridge outside Memphis, TN. He was involved in research on DNA sequencing, and was last seen around midnight on November 16, leaving the St. Jude's Children's Research Advisory Dinner at The Peabody Hotel in Memphis, TN. Associates attending the dinner said he showed no signs of intoxication. Workers at a hydroelectric plant in Louisiana found the body of Don Wiley on Thursday, about 300 miles south of where the molecular biologist was last seen. On January 14, 2002, Shelby County Medical Examiner O.C. Smith announced that his department had ruled Dr. Wiley's death to be "accidental," the result of massive injuries suffered in a fall from the Hernando de Soto Bridge. Smith said there were paint marks on Wiley's rental car similar to the paint used on construction signs on the bridge, and that the car's right front hubcap was missing. There has been no report as to which construction signs Dr. Wiley hit.

DECEMBER 14, 2001: Dr. Set Van Nguyen, 44

EXPERTISE: Working on a vaccine to protect against biological weapons, or perhaps on a weapon. In January, 2001, the magazine *Nature* published information that two scientists, Dr. Ron Jackson and Dr. Ian Ramshaw, using genetic manipulation and DNA sequencing, had created an incredibly virulent form of mouse pox, a cousin of smallpox and Dr. Nguyen had

worked for 15 years at the same Australian facility. On Friday, November 2, The Washington Post reported:

Officials are now scrambling to determine how a quiet, 61-year-old Vietnamese immigrant, riding the subway each day to and from her job in a hospital stockroom, was exposed to the deadly anthrax spores that killed her this week. They worry because there is no obvious connection to the factors common to earlier anthrax exposures and deaths: no clear link to the mail or to the media.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead in the airlock of a walk-in refrigerator in a laboratory in Victoria State, Australia. The room was full of deadly gas which had leaked from a liquid nitrogen cooling system. The room was vented.

DECEMBER 10, 2001: Dr. David Schwartz, 57

EXPERTISE: He was well-respected in biophysics, and regarded as an authority on DNA sequencing.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Murdered by stabbing with what appeared to be a sword in rural home Loudon County, Virginia. His daughter, who identifies herself as a pagan high priestess, and three of her fellow pagans have been charged. Three teens that were into the occult were charged with murder in the slashing death.

NOVEMBER 24, 2001: Avishai Berkman, 50; Amiramp Eldor, 59; Yaacov Matzner, 54

EXPERTISE: Five microbiologists in this list of the first eight people that died mysteriously in airplane crashes worked on cutting edge microbiology research; and, four of the five were doing virtually identical research; research that has global political and financial significance.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Another airplane crash kills 3 scientists. At about the time of the Black Sea crash, Israeli journalists had been sounding the alarm that two Israeli microbiologists had been murdered, allegedly by terrorists; including the head of the Hematology department at Israel's Ichilov Hospital, and directors of the Tel Aviv Public Health Department and Hebrew University School of Medicine.

NOVEMBER 6, 2001: Jeffrey Paris Wall, 41

EXPERTISE: Mr. Wall had studied at the University of California, Los Angeles. He was a biomedical expert who held a medical degree, and he also specialized in patent and intellectual property.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Body was found sprawled next to a three-story parking structure near his office.

OCTOBER 4, 2001: Five Unnamed Microbiologists

EXPERTISE: Three scientists were experts in medical research or public health. The plane is believed by many in Israel to have had as many as four or five passengers who were microbiologists. Both Israel and Novosibirsk are homes for cutting-edge microbiological research. Novosibirsk is known as the scientific capital of Siberia. There are over 50 research facilities there, and 13 full universities for a population of only 2.5 million people.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Five unnamed microbiologists on a plane that was brought down by a missile near the Black Sea. Traveling from Israel to Russia; business not disclosed.

MAY 7, 2001: Professor Janusz Jeljaszewicz

EXPERTISE: He was an expert in Staphylococci and Staphylococcal infections. His scientific interests and achievements were in the mechanism of action and biological properties of staphylococcal toxins, and included the immunomodulatory properties and experimental treatment of tumors by Propionibacterium.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Cause of death not disclosed.

DECEMBER 25, 2000: Linda Reese, 52

EXPERTISE: Dr. Reese was a Microbiologist working with victims of meningitis.

Circumstance: Died three days after she studied a sample from Tricia Zailo, 19, a Fairfield, N.J., resident and sophomore at Michigan State University. Zailo died December 18.

JULY 16, 2000: Mike Thomas, 35

EXPERTISE: He was a microbiologist at the Crestwood Medical Center in Huntsville.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Died a few days after examining a sample taken from a 12-year-old girl who was diagnosed with meningitis and survived.

APRIL 15, 2000: Walter W. Shervington, M.D., 62

EXPERTISE: He was an extensive writer, lecturer and researcher about mental health and AIDS in the African-American community.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Died of cancer at Tulane Medical Hospital.

SEPTEMBER 1998: Jonathan Mann, 51

EXPERTISE: He was founding director of the World Health Organization's global Aids program and founded Project SIDA in Zaire, the most comprehensive Aids research effort in Africa at the time, and in 1986 he joined the WHO to lead the global response against Aids. He became director of WHO's global program on Aids which later became the UNAids program. He then became director of the Francois-Xavier Bagnoud Center for Health and Human Rights, which was set up at Harvard School of Public Health in 1993. He caused controversy earlier in 1998 in the media when he accused the US National Institutes of Health of violating human rights by failing to act quickly on developing Aids vaccines.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Swissair Flight 111 over Canada.

JULY 10, 1998: Elizabeth A. Rich, M.D., 46

EXPERTISE: She was an associate professor with tenure in the pulmonary division of the Department of Medicine at CWRU and University Hospitals of Cleveland. She was also a member of the executive committee for the Center for AIDS Research and directed the Bio-safety Level 3 facility, a specialized laboratory for the handling of HIV, virulent TB bacteria, and other infectious agents.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Traffic accident while visiting family in Tennessee.

DECEMBER 25, 1997: Sidney Harshman, 67

EXPERTISE: He was a professor of microbiology and immunology. He was the world's leading expert on staphylococcal alpha toxins.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Complications associated with diabetes.

Mark Purdey, his Lawyer, and Veterinarian working with Purdey Die:

EXPERTISE: Creutzfeldt–Jakob disease (CJD) doctor Mark Purdey was familiar with the expression “abnormal brain protein.” Before Dr. Purdey’s death, he speculated that Dr. C. Bruton might have known more than what was revealed in his paper before he was killed.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Purdey’s house was burned down, his lawyer on mad cow issues was driven off the road and died and the veterinarian in the UK BSE inquiry also died in a mysterious car crash. CJD specialist Dr C. Bruton was killed in a car crash just before he went public with a new research paper. The veterinarian on the case also died in a car crash. Purdey’s new lawyer, too, had a car accident, but not fatal.

MAY 7, 1996: Dr. Tsunao Saitoh, 46

EXPERTISE: Abnormal proteins in Alzheimer’s disease.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Shot and killed, along with his young daughter, in LaJolla, California. He was dead behind the wheel of the car, the side window had been shot out, and the door was open. His daughter appeared to have tried to run away and she was shot dead, also. Yakuza-style hit.

1995: Dr. Jawad Al Aubaidi

EXPERTISE: A graduate doctor from Cornell, he was hired to head the mycoplasma bio-warfare research project. One of Dr. Aubaidi’s projects was filling payloads of scud missiles with mycoplasma strains.

CIRCUMSTANCE: He was hit by a truck in his native Iraq while changing a flat tire.

1994: Dr. C. Bruton

EXPERTISE: A CJD specialist who had recently produced a paper on a new strain of CJD.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Car crash.

MAY 19, 1994: Jose Trias

CIRCUMSTANCE: Trias and his wife were murdered in their Chevy Chase, Maryland home. They met with a friend, a journalist, the day before their murder and told him of their plan to expose Howard Hughes Medical Institute (HHMI) funding of “special ops” research. Grant money that goes to HHMI is allegedly diverted to black ops research projects.

MARCONI SCIENTISTS MYSTERY

COMPILED BY RAYMOND A. ROBINSON

ACCORDING to Raymond A. Robinson, author of *The Alien Intent*, “over two-dozen science graduates and experts working for Marconi or Plessey Defense Systems died in mysterious circumstances, most appearing to be 'suicides.' The Ministry of Defense (MOD) denied these scientists had been involved in classified Star Wars Projects and that the deaths were in any way connected.”

MARCH 1982: Professor Keith Bowden, 46

EXPERTISE: computer programmer and scientist at Essex University engaged in work for Marconi, who was hailed as an expert on super computers and computer-controlled aircraft.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Fatal car crash when his vehicle went out of control across a dual carriageway and plunged onto a disused railway line. Police maintained he had been drinking but family and friends all denied the allegation.

CORONER'S VERDICT: ACCIDENT

APRIL 1983: Lt-Colonel Anthony Godley, 49

EXPERTISE: Head of the Work Study Unit at the Royal College of Military Science.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Disappeared mysteriously in April 1983 without explanation.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Presumed dead.

MARCH 1985: Roger Hill, 49

EXPERTISE: Radar designer and draughtsman with Marconi.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Died by a shotgun blast at home.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Suicide.

NOVEMBER 19, 1985: Jonathan Wash, 29

EXPERTISE: Digital communications expert who had worked at GEC and at British Telecom's secret research centre at Martlesham Heath, Suffolk.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Died as a result of falling from a hotel room in Abidjan, West Africa, while working for British Telecom. He had expressed fears that his life was in danger.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Open.

AUGUST 4, 1986: Vimal Dajibhai, 24

EXPERTISE: Computer software engineer with Marconi, responsible for testing computer control systems of Tigerfish and Stingray torpedoes at Marconi Underwater Systems at Croxley Green, Hertfordshire.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Death-by-fall from Clifton Suspension Bridge (74m - 240ft.), Bristol. Police report on the body mentioned a needle-sized puncture wound on the left buttock, but this was later dismissed as being a result of the fall. Dajibhai had been looking forward to starting a new job in the City of London and friends had confirmed that there was no reason for him to commit

suicide. At the time of his death he was in the last week of his work with Marconi.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Open.

OCTOBER 1986: Arshad Sharif, 26

EXPERTISE: Reported to have been working on systems for the detection of submarines by satellite.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Died as a result of placing a ligature around his neck, tying the other end to a tree and then driving off in his car with the accelerator pedal jammed down. His unusual death was complicated by several issues: Sharif lived near Vimal Dajibhai in Stanmore, Middlesex, he committed suicide in Bristol and, inexplicably, had spent the last night of his life in a rooming house. He had paid for his accommodation in cash and was seen to have a bundle of high-denomination banknotes in his possession. While the police were told of the banknotes, no mention was made of them at the inquest and they were never found. In addition, most of the other guests at the rooming house worked at British Aerospace prior to working for Marconi, Sharif had also worked at British Aerospace on guided weapons technology.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Suicide.

JANUARY 1987: Richard Pugh, 37

EXPERTISE: MOD computer consultant and digital communications expert.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead in his flat in with his feet bound and a plastic bag over his head. Rope was tied around his body, coiling four times around his neck.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Accident.

JANUARY 12, 1987: Dr. John Brittan, 52

EXPERTISE: Scientist formerly engaged in top secret work at the Royal College of Military Science at Shrivenham, Oxfordshire, and later deployed in a research department at the MOD.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Death by carbon monoxide poisoning in his own garage, shortly after returning from a trip to the US in connection with his work.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Accident.

FEBRUARY 1987: David Skeels, 43

EXPERTISE: Engineer with Marconi.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead in his car with a hosepipe connected to the exhaust.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Open.

FEBRUARY 1987: Victor Moore, 46

EXPERTISE: Design Engineer with Marconi Space and Defense Systems.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Died from an overdose.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Suicide.

FEBRUARY 22, 1987: Peter Peapell, 46

EXPERTISE: Scientist at the Royal College of Military Science. He had been working on testing titanium for its resistance to explosives and the use of computer analysis of signals from metals.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead allegedly from carbon monoxide poisoning, in his Oxfordshire garage. The circumstances of his death raised some elements of doubt. His wife had found him on his back with his head

parallel to the rear car bumper and his mouth in line with the exhaust pipe, with the car engine running. Police were apparently baffled as to how he could have maneuvered into the position in which he was found.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Open.

APRIL 1987: George Kountis age unknown.

EXPERTISE: Systems Analyst at Bristol Polytechnic.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Drowned the same day as Shani Warren (see below) - as the result of a car accident, his upturned car being found in the River Mersey, Liverpool.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Misadventure. (Kountis' sister called for a fresh inquest as she thought 'things didn't add up.')

APRIL10, 1987: Shani Warren, 26

EXPERTISE: Personal assistant in a company called Micro Scope, which was taken over by GEC Marconi less than four weeks after her death.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found drowned in 45cm. (18in) of water, not far from the site of David Greenhalgh's death fall. Warren died exactly one week after the death of Stuart Gooding and serious injury to Greenhalgh. She was found gagged with a noose around her neck. Her feet were also bound and her hands tied behind her back.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Open. (It was said that Warren had gagged herself, tied her feet with rope, then tied her hands behind her back and hobbled to the lake on stiletto heels to drown herself.)

APRIL 10, 1987: Stuart Gooding, 23

EXPERTISE: Postgraduate research student at the Royal College of Military Science.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Fatal car crash while on holiday in Cyprus. The death occurred at the same time as college personnel were carrying out exercises on Cyprus.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Accident.

APRIL 24, 1987: Mark Wisner, 24

EXPERTISE: Software engineer at the MOD.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead on in a house shared with two colleagues. He was found with a plastic sack around his head and several feet of cling film around his face. The method of death was almost identical to that of Richard Pugh some three months earlier.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Accident.

MARCH 30, 1987: David Sands, 37

EXPERTISE: Senior scientist working for Easams of Camberley, Surrey, a sister company to Marconi. Dr. John Brittan had also worked at Camberley.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Fatal car crash when he allegedly made a sudden U-turn on a dual carriageway while on his way to work, crashing at high speed into a disused cafeteria. He was found still wearing his seat belt and it was discovered that the car had been carrying additional petrol cans. None of the 'normal' reasons for a possible suicide could be found.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Open.

MAY 3, 1987: Michael Baker, 22

EXPERTISE: Digital communications expert working on a defense project at Plessey; part-time member of Signals Corps SAS.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Fatal accident when his car crashed through a barrier near Poole in Dorset.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Misadventure.

JUNE 1987: Jennings, Frank, 60.

EXPERTISE: Electronic Weapons Engineer with Plessey.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead from a heart attack.

NO INQUEST

JANUARY 1988: Russell Smith, 23

EXPERTISE: Laboratory technician with the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell, Essex.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Died as a result of a cliff fall at Boscastle in Cornwall.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Suicide.

MARCH 25, 1988: Trevor Knight, 52

EXPERTISE: Computer engineer with Marconi Space and Defense Systems in Stanmore, Middlesex.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead at his home in Harpenden, Hertfordshire at the wheel of his car with a hosepipe connected to the exhaust. A St. Alban's coroner said that Knight's woman friend, Miss Narmada Thanki (who also worked with him at Marconi) had found three suicide notes left by him which made clear his intentions. Miss Thanki had mentioned that Knight

disliked his work but she did not detect any depression that would have driven him to suicide.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Suicide.

AUGUST 1988: Alistair Beckham, 50

EXPERTISE: Software engineer with Plessey Defense Systems.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found dead after being electrocuted in his garden shed with wires connected to his body.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Open.

AUGUST 22, 1988: Peter Ferry, 60

EXPERTISE: Retired Army Brigadier and an Assistant Marketing Director with Marconi.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Found on 22nd or 23rd August 1988 electrocuted in his company flat with electrical leads in his mouth.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Open

SEPTEMBER 1988: Andrew Hall, 33

EXPERTISE: Engineering Manager with British Aerospace.

CIRCUMSTANCE: Carbon monoxide poisoning in a car with a hosepipe connected to the exhaust.

CORONER'S VERDICT: Suicide.

GIANT BREACH IN EARTH'S MAGNETIC FIELD DISCOVERED

BY

DR. TONY PHILLIPS

DECEMBER 16, 2008

NASA's five THEMIS spacecraft have discovered a breach in Earth's magnetic field ten times larger than anything previously thought to exist. Solar wind can flow in through the opening to "load up" the magnetosphere for powerful geomagnetic storms. But the breach itself is not the biggest surprise. Researchers are even more amazed at the strange and unexpected way it forms, overturning long-held ideas of space physics.

"At first I didn't believe it," says THEMIS project scientist David Sibeck of the Goddard Space Flight Center. "This finding fundamentally alters our understanding of the solar wind-magnetosphere interaction."

The magnetosphere is a bubble of magnetism that surrounds Earth and protects us from solar wind. Exploring the bubble is a key goal of the THEMIS mission, launched in February 2007. The big discovery came on June 3, 2007, when the five probes serendipitously flew through the breach just as it was opening. Onboard sensors recorded a torrent of solar wind particles streaming into the magnetosphere, signaling an event of unexpected size and importance.

"The opening was huge—four times wider than Earth itself," says Wenhui Li, a space physicist at the

University of New Hampshire who has been analyzing the data. Li's colleague Jimmy Raeder, also of New Hampshire, says “ 10^{27} particles per second were flowing into the magnetosphere—that's a 1 followed by 27 zeros. This kind of influx is an order of magnitude greater than what we thought was possible.”

The event began with little warning when a gentle gust of solar wind delivered a bundle of magnetic fields from the Sun to Earth. Like an octopus wrapping its tentacles around a big clam, solar magnetic fields draped themselves around the magnetosphere and cracked it open. The cracking was accomplished by means of a process called “magnetic reconnection.” High above Earth's poles, solar and terrestrial magnetic fields linked up (reconnected) to form conduits for solar wind. Conduits over the Arctic and Antarctic quickly expanded; within minutes they overlapped over Earth's equator to create the biggest magnetic breach ever recorded by Earth-orbiting spacecraft.

The size of the breach took researchers by surprise. “We've seen things like this before,” says Raeder, “but never on such a large scale. The entire day-side of the magnetosphere was open to the solar wind.”

The circumstances were even more surprising. Space physicists have long believed that holes in Earth's magnetosphere open only in response to solar magnetic fields that point south. The great breach of June 2007, however, opened in response to a solar magnetic field that pointed north.

“To the lay person, this may sound like a quibble, but to a space physicist, it is almost seismic,” says Sibeck. “When I tell my colleagues, most react with skepticism, as if I'm trying to convince them that the sun rises in the west.”

Here is why they can't believe their ears: The solar wind presses against Earth's magnetosphere almost directly above the equator where our planet's magnetic field points north. Suppose a bundle of solar magnetism comes along, and it points north, too. The two fields should reinforce one another, strengthening Earth's magnetic defenses and slamming the door shut on the solar wind. In the language of space physics, a north-pointing solar magnetic field is called a "northern IMF" and it is synonymous with *shields up!*

"So, you can imagine our surprise when a northern IMF came along and shields went *down* instead," says Sibeck. "This completely overturns our understanding of things."

Northern IMF events don't actually trigger geomagnetic storms, notes Raeder, but they do set the stage for storms by loading the magnetosphere with plasma. A loaded magnetosphere is primed for auroras, power outages, and other disturbances that can result when, say, a CME (coronal mass ejection) hits.

The years ahead could be especially lively. Raeder explains: "We're entering Solar Cycle 24. For reasons not fully understood, CMEs in even-numbered solar cycles (like 24) tend to hit Earth with a leading edge that is magnetized north. Such a CME should open a breach and load the magnetosphere with plasma just before the storm gets underway. It's the perfect sequence for a really big event."

Sibeck agrees. "This could result in stronger geomagnetic storms than we have seen in many years."

THE SEWAGE ENGINEER, THE ‘WOW! SIGNAL’ AND THE PROOF THAT THERE REALLY *IS* LIFE ON MARS

BY

MICHAEL BROOKS

THE DAILY MAIL

FEBRUARY 7, 2010

A LIENS are back in fashion. Even the Royal Society, the most level-headed of scientific establishments, is getting in on the action. Last month it hosted a meeting about the prospects of finding or making contact with extraterrestrials.

But everyone seems to have forgotten something. Reputable scientists say we have already found aliens—and heard from them, too. Did no one tell you?

Gilbert Levin, the man who found life on Mars, is now in his 80s but his eyes still sparkle whenever he talks about the day NASA’s Viking probe touched down on the Martian Plains of Gold. It was July 20, 1976.

“Oh, it was very exciting,” he told me when I visited his offices in Beltsville, Maryland, a few years ago. A grin broke out across his face. “Everything went just right.”

That includes the experiment he designed to look for the signs of life. Levin is a sewage engineer by training, and it was this that led him to invent a novel way to detect microbes.

His trick was to put out radioactive food and watch for wisps of radioactive gas belching out as a by-product

of microbe digestion. NASA saw it as an ideal way to test for life in Martian soil.

Levin's experiment worked perfectly. Before launch, the apparatus successfully detected the scarce life in soil samples taken from the Californian desert. Two hundred million miles from Earth, it worked again: Levin's instrument got another positive result from Martian soil samples.

Levin went out to buy champagne and cigars. A party was in full swing when renowned astronomer Carl Sagan phoned Levin to offer his congratulations. Levin remembers it as the happiest day of his life.

His unhappiest came just two days later when the Viking mission leader announced they had failed to find life on Mars.

A colleague dug Levin in the ribs. "He said, "God damn it, Gil, will you get up and tell them you detected life?" " But Levin, cowed by his relatively junior status, did not dare.

The problem was straightforward. Another of the instruments on the Viking mission had searched for traces of carbon in Martian soil and found none. With no carbon, the mission chiefs reasoned, there could be no life. The result of Levin's experiment must have been a mistake, they said. Carl Sagan called again—to withdraw his congratulations.

The trouble is, the mission chiefs had been misled.

Ten years after the Viking probe landed on Mars, a scientist called John Milan Lavoie Junior contacted Levin and told him he had worked on the instrument that was supposed to look for carbon. No one had admitted it at the time, but the instrument had never worked properly, he said. Levin told a few people but no one seemed to care.

A further 15 years passed and another of the instrument's engineers, Arthur Lafleur, came forward and told the same story. On Earth, before the mission had blasted off for Mars, the instrument had been given relatively large quantities of carbon to detect. It had failed but the scientists had kept quiet about it.

The final nail in the instrument's coffin came in 2006 when the prestigious US National Academy of Sciences published a devastating critique of it. Their report said it had not been sensitive enough to rule out the existence of carbon-based molecules in Martian soil.

You would think that, given all this, Levin would have been vindicated by now. In fact, he has been labeled a troublemaker. At the party to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the Viking mission, he caused a bit of a scene by suggesting that NASA revisit his results. When the 30th anniversary party came around, he simply wasn't invited.

A growing minority of scientists are now taking Levin's claims seriously, saying that Viking may well have discovered life. But most shrug their shoulders and say it was all too long ago to be sure.

Which brings us on to that alien signal—if that is what it was. It came on AUGUST 15, 1977, the night before Elvis Presley died.

The Ohio radio telescope that picked up the signal was called the Big Ear. At 11.16pm, it recorded a single pulse of radiation that seemed to come from somewhere in the constellation of Sagittarius.

It is now known as the "Wow! Signal." That's what Jerry Ehman, the man who spotted it in the computer printout, scrawled in the margin. He had good reason to do so: the characteristics of the signal were exactly what alien-hunters had been told to look out for.

Eighteen years previously, researchers had put themselves in ET's shoes and tried to work out the best way to attract our attention. They decided that the most noteworthy signal would be a radio signal at exactly 1,420 MHz. This is the vibration frequency of hydrogen, the most common molecule in the universe.

Everyone agreed that it would be the most widely intelligible way of saying, "We're here—are you?" When the Wow! Signal came in; its frequency was 1,420 MHz...

I have never met Jerry Ehman but we have exchanged emails and talked on the phone. He got in touch with me—he had heard that I was looking for the latest thinking on what the signal meant.

His first email told me everything I needed to know. "I am still waiting for a definitive explanation that makes sense," it said.

Ehman and his colleagues have explored every possibility: military transmissions, reflections of Earth signals off asteroids or satellites, natural emissions from stars, but nothing fits.

The strangest thing of all is that it came from a blank patch of sky. When Ehman and his colleagues looked at the exact location of the source, it turned out to be devoid of stars. Ehman's only thought is that it could have been beamed from a spaceship travelling through the universe in search of some sign of life.

Not that he is totally convinced it really was aliens but he has never come up with a better explanation.

"It had all the earmarks of being a signal from an intelligent civilization," Ehman told me on the phone. "There it was, like it was saying, 'Here I am—can you see me?'" But, he concedes, we may never have proof one way or the other.

Ehman was inspired to become an astronomer after coming across a Reader's Digest article by Frank Drake, one of the first scientists to calculate our chances of finding extraterrestrial life. I was there when Drake spoke at the Royal Society meeting last month.

He told the audience that, given the sheer vastness of the universe and the relative weakness of our technology, the chances of finding life or making contact with an alien civilization are unbelievably slim. In other words, it might happen just once in a lifetime.

Which made me wonder: have we been both extraordinarily lucky and extraordinarily careless? It seems we have had two chances, and missed them both.

A BLUEPRINT FOR A QUANTUM PROPULSION MACHINE

TECHNOLOGY REVIEW

PUBLISHED BY MIT

DECEMBER 9, 2009

PUSH on the electromagnetic fields in the quantum vacuum and you should get an equal and opposite force.

The quantum vacuum has fascinated physicists ever since Hendrik Casimir and Dirk Polder suggested in 1948 that it would exert a force on a pair of narrowly separated conducting plates. Their idea was eventually confirmed when the force was measured in 1997.

In recent years, a new way of thinking about the quantum vacuum has emerged which has vastly more potential. And today, one physicist describes how it could be used to create propulsion.

Before we discuss that, let's track back a little. According to quantum mechanics, any vacuum will be filled with electromagnetic waves leaping in and out of existence. It turns out that these waves can have various measurable effects, such as the Casimir-Polder force.

The new approach focuses on the momentum associated with these electromagnetic fields rather than the force they exert. The question is whether it is possible to modify this momentum because, if you can, you should receive an equal and opposite kick. That's what rocket scientists call propulsion.

Today, Alex Feigel at the Soreq Nuclear Research Center, a government lab in Yavne Israel, suggests an entirely new way to modify the momentum of the quantum vacuum and how this can be exploited to generate propulsion.

Feigel's approach combines two well-established ideas. The first is the Lorentz force experienced by a charged particle in electric and magnetic fields that are crossed. The second is the magneto-electric effect--the phenomenon in which an external magnetic field induces a polarized internal electric field in certain materials and vice versa.

The question that Feigel asks is in what circumstances the electromagnetic fields in a quantum vacuum can exert a Lorentz force. The answer is that the quantum vacuum constantly interacts with magneto-electric materials generating Lorentz forces; most of the time, however, these forces sum to zero.

However, Feigel says there are four cases in which the forces do not sum to zero. Two of these are already known, for example confining the quantum field between two plates, which excludes longer wavelength waves.

But Feigel says the two others offer entirely new ways to exploit the quantum vacuum using magneto-electric nanoparticles to interact with the electromagnetic fields it contains.

The first method is to rapidly aggregate a number of magneto-electric nanoparticles, a process which influences the boundary conditions for higher frequency electromagnetic waves, generating a force.

The second is simply to rotate a group of magneto-electric nanoparticles, which also generates a Lorentz force.

Either way, the result is a change in velocity. Feigel says that the "mechanical action of a quantum vacuum

on magneto-electric objects may be observable and have a significant value.

The beauty of Feigel's idea is that it can be easily tested. He suggests building an addressable array of magneto-electric nanoparticles, perhaps made of a material such as FeGaO₃ which has a magneto-electric constant of 10^{-4} in a weak magnetic field.

These nanoparticles simply have to be rotated in the required way to generate a force. Feigel calls it a magneto-electric quantum wheel.

Of course, nobody is getting a free lunch here. "Although the proposed engine will consume energy for manipulation of the particles, the propulsion will occur without any loss of mass," says Feigel. He even suggests, with masterful understatement, that this might have practical implications.

So here is a high-risk idea with a huge potential payoff. The question is: who has the balls to try it?